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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1909.

The Week.

The tariff question has been so wisely and so definitely settled, the mouths of the remonstrants have been so emphatically stopped, the ultimate consumer has been so unmistakably persuaded of his own non-existence, and the country's desire to be let alone has been so forcibly expressed, that just three months after the enactment of the wisest, safest, and best tariff measure this country has ever known, the standpat champions are facing the dread possibility of a reopening of the tariff discussion in Congress. That the call to battle is sounded from within the ranks of true believers in Aldrich and Cannon, only makes the situation worse. The prospect of a tariff war with Canada is bothering the Administration. The men who shape our tariff laws for us have so got into the habit of taking for granted the submission of a free and valorous people that the possibility of a foreign nation refusing to do likewise seems scarcely to have entered into their consciousness. Hence we have the challenge to Canada, flung out in sublime indifference to the fact that to-day Canada can get on better without us than we without her. We sell Canada manufactures nowadays and buy raw products from her. War with such an opponent would mean that our protected interests had been robbed in the house of their friends.

There was an undeniable appropriateness in asking Speaker Cannon to make an address before the Knife and Fork Club of Kansas City. He has always been able to rival the gentleman whom Thackeray saw dining on a Mississippi steamboat, and of whom the novelist testified that "the play of his knife was fearful"; while the fork that the Speaker uses is by preference a pitchfork. He had glorious sport in describing the insurgent Republicans as so many Lucifers flung over the battlements of Heaven. If they are not "read out of the party"—and Mr. Cannon denies that he has attempted to read them out—they ought, he declares, to take themselves out and no longer remain as so many traitors in the camp. What the Speaker would like is a nice little, tight little party, in which discipline would always be perfect, and in which no members would have such queasy stomachs as not to be able to swallow his alliances with Tammany, and his other pretty ways. Whether such a party could ever carry an election or not, is a question with which the Speaker does not vex his righteous soul. But he is going to be the most loyal supporter of President Taft, let no man doubt of that. On this point, Uncle Joe's words were effusive to the point of being suspicious.

The gathering of eleven hundred New Yorkers at the dinner of the Economic Club, last Monday night, to listen to the exposition of the Monetary Commission's work and purposes by its chairman, was a most wholesome sign of the times. Remodelling of a bank and currency system is commonly esteemed a dry and technical topic, and a long address on that theme, in which the problem itself is canvassed without even specific discussion of the political programme of the Commission, is not what is usually classed as material for an after-dinner speech. Yet this large audience listened with the closest attention to Senator Aldrich's analysis of banking practices as the Commission had found them here and abroad. Senator Aldrich frankly stated that no banking bill has yet been drawn up for Congressional consideration, and that in fact the Monetary Commission itself has not yet agreed, even in principle, on the solution which it will recommend. That Senator Aldrich personally favors a Central Bank of Issue has long been known, and was easily to be inferred from his address, notwithstanding the fact that he carefully abstained from recommending that recourse as a probable solution. Our readers are aware of our own feeling that the plan of a Central Bank must be approached with the utmost caution and reserve, until three important considerations have been made clear, viz., its actual relations to existing banks, its possible relation to politics, and the question not only of its nominal but of its certain independence of promoting and speculating influences in finance. We do not feel ourselves ready to subscribe unreservedly to Mr. Aldrich's conclusion that, because the central banks of England, France, and Germany have no political entanglements, therefore a central bank of the United States could have none. Nor, until we know how such immunity is to be guaranteed, should we feel confident in the freedom of such an institution from the influences which have at times so balefully perverted the functions of our life insurance companies and even of our banking institutions.

In answer to the question, "Will Congress investigate the Sugar Trust?" Representative Payne is quoted as saying:

> I don't think it will. The matter is being pretty thoroughly investigated now. An investigation by Congress will depend on whether the Federal district attorney cannot do it more effectively than Congress.

But this is not at all the question. If a Congressional investigation at this time would involve any risk of interfering with the effectiveness of the criminal prosecutions, it should by all means be put off to a later day; but the prosecutions, while the most urgent thing now in hand, cannot possibly cover all the ground of this portentous scandal, and cannot in some respects search as deeply. We all hope that Mr. Stimson may succeed in getting one or more of the real criminals—the big men in the Trust—behind the bars, but it is only too certain that a great part of the rascality will prove to be beyond the reach of legal punishment. The country has a right to know the full truth of the case, and to fix the guilt of those responsible for this great body of corruption, both in business and in politics. Congress only can bring out this truth. Senator Culberson and Senator Borah have declared most emphatically for a Congressional investigation, and there is every reason to expect that it will be urged upon the Senate. The only proper qualification of the demand is that expressed by Senator Borah, that it should be made subject to the necessities of effective prosecution of the criminal cases.

The State Department's "waiting" attitude towards Nicaragua is rather a peculiar policy, if its purposes are as pub-

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licly given. The chances of Zelaya's being kicked out of the Presidency by Estrada are considered so good at Washington that it has been decided to let Estrada avenge upon his rival the execution of the two Americans, Cannon and Groce. This is in strange contrast with the earlier announcements of the awful things we were going to do to Zelaya. The State Department at that time had a good section of the press behind it. If, backed up by popular opinion, Washington has as yet done nothing, the implication is that it has insufficient information to proceed on, or that the information it has secured does not make out a good case for us. The American soldier of fortune and professional trouble-maker is not the proudest product of our civilization in tropical countries. If Spanish-American revolutions were not so plenteously officered by natives of this country, and if Spanish-American revolutions were not so frequently backed by the sympathies and money of American residents, there might be fewer upheavals in Spanish-America. If Groce and Cannon belonged to the stormy petrel class, our hands are by so much weakened. If their execution was a violation of international law, the State Department should demand reparation without delegating Estrada to get it for us.

Interested as we have long been in the modernization of the navy yards, we have felt that any reform to be thoroughgoing must begin with the Department itself—that is, with the eight bureaus. Now Secretary Meyer strikes a genuine blow at the faults of the bureau system by planning to abolish one of them in its entirety—the Bureau of Equipment—and grouping all the others in two divisions. In one of these are placed all the bureaus dealing with the human material of the navy, the Bureau of Navigation, the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, the office of the Judge-Advocate-General, and the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. In the other are to be found the Bureaus of Steam Engineering, of Yards and Docks, of Construction and Repair, and of Ordnance. This change has repeatedly been urged by Secretaries of the Navy and boards of officers, and cannot be too highly commended from the point of view of theory. Whether a closer coördination and coöperation of all the bureaus and both divisions will be obtained under the new system, time alone will show. But Mr. Meyer is not content with thus stirring up the "mossbacks" of the Navy Department. He has created a long-needed division of inspection and a division of operations of the fleet which will, it is to be hoped, provide for the systematic training of the crews and their officers in minor and advanced tactics. Abolishing the Board of Construction, which has been of little use save to formulate and demand of Congress great schemes of naval expansion, Mr. Meyer has provided an "advisory council" of four officers, the chiefs of the four divisions of material, personnel, inspection, and operations, who will become *de facto* a small "general staff" for the Secretary. Both in the Civil War and in that with Spain it was necessary to create such a council after the outbreak of war. Unquestionably, this arrangement will place enormous power in the hands of the four "aides" to the Secretary, as the new advisers are to be called. But here, again, everything will depend upon the unselfishness and devotion of the men in the highest places.

In the navy yards, Mr. Meyer has compromised. He has not adopted the Newberry reforms *in toto*, which seemed to us based on common-sense and accepted business practice. He has instead established two divisions in the navy yards, one of hull and one of machinery. It is only fair to add that this is in line with some foreign practice, and that the head of each division will report to the officer in charge of the navy yard, who is, hereafter, to be chosen with an eye to his especial qualifications. It would obviously be unfair to the Swift Board and to Mr. Meyer to pass upon this plan before it has had a chance to demonstrate its advantages. A single manufacturing department must always be superior to two, in theory. It remains to be seen if, in practice, the navy-yard situation warrants a division. Great economies and a marked increase in efficiency accompanied the Newberry plan, and ought, in any event, to be maintained. We are glad to note, therefore, that the installation of a modern bookkeeping system is to be continued, and that technical officers will be kept at the head of the navy-yard divisions.

There is one resource which might and should be availed of to make such horrors as that of the Cherry mine impossible. The Department of Commerce and Labor would be exercising a function that is wholly salutary, and would be performing a plain duty, if it instituted a thoroughgoing investigation of the subject, and laid down the conditions which ought to be insisted on by the laws of every State in order to secure proper protection for the lives of the miners. The practice of other countries, especially Germany, is far ahead of ours, and American public opinion, if authoritatively informed on the subject, would insist that the present conditions should no longer exist. The plea that the expense of taking proper measures would be prohibitory may safely be pronounced worthless in advance. With the many agencies concentrating public opinion upon the right treatment of problems of this kind, there can be no doubt that, with the guidance of the Federal Government, the necessary legislation could be secured in all our mining States.

The defeat of the proposed prohibition amendment in Alabama, known as the Comer amendment, is important as the first serious setback sustained by the anti-saloon wave which has swept over the South in the past few years. The majority against it is decisive, being reported as more than 20,000 in a total vote of about 100,000. The political prestige of Gov. Comer, and the political future of Judge Weakley, whom he had fixed upon as his successor, were staked on the issue, and the contest was intense. The result is one more illustration of the fact that sudden changes in fundamental matters are seldom so complete as they seem on the surface, and that it is wise to allow time for the setting in of a reaction before concluding that the change is permanent. A special interest attaches to the outcome on account of the reported intention of Mr. Bryan to declare for prohibition as a paramount issue. First rate "paramounts" are rare birds, and the Nebraska gentleman will have to wait a long time before he can catch another as lively as was the silver paramount under the peculiar conditions of 1896.

Gov. Fort's strong opposition to the establishment near Lakewood, New Jer-

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sey, of a sanatorium for the treatment of incipient cases of tuberculosis, undoubtedly reflects local sentiment. People everywhere resist the building near them of hospitals for the treatment of infectious diseases. The Lakewood protest is only one of many of the kind. Our readers will recall how strenuously the proposal to found a hospital for consumptives in Sullivan County was withstood by the residents there. This is natural, but it is none the less unreasonable, and, we might almost say, inhuman. The danger is greatly exaggerated in all such cases. Under proper regulation the exposure to infection is very slight. But even if it were not, can we deprive sufferers of what may be their one chance for life? It is a lamentable thing that our very scientific advance in the knowledge of the causes and nature of maladies like tuberculosis seems to implant a new instinct of dread or cruelty regarding those afflicted. No one hesitated in the old days of ignorance to care for consumptives under conditions which were far more dangerous to others than the location of a preventorium near-by could possibly involve. The change to the modern aversion and alarm is neither pleasing nor creditable. It makes the tender mercies of science to look cruel.

The report of football casualties for the last day of the season is seven severely injured, of whom three may die. Five of the accidents occurred in a single Western game, in which the players evidently took football seriously. They have at least rendered a service in giving a final demonstration of the danger of the present game. But there should be no let up in the agitation for a radical overhauling of the rules because the season is over. The Rules Committee's meetings are held in December and January, and the final changes are sometimes not made until well into the spring. Hence the necessity for keeping after the committee from now on in order that they shall not be deceived into thinking that the outcry during the playing season was merely newspaper agitation and public hysteria. Never before has the feeling against football been so deep and widespread; never have the college authorities heard more directly and frequently from alumni and parents of students.

Mr. Roosevelt's words of congratulation on Commander Peary's achievement should bring home to people's minds the true question that has been raised by Dr. Cook's claims. The matter at issue has been no ordinary affair of personal rivalry; it was something in which all the world, and especially this country, had a real stake. "I am inexpressibly rejoiced," writes Mr. Roosevelt, "at his [Peary's] wonderful triumph, and proud beyond measure as an American that this—one of the great feats of the ages—should have been performed by a fellow-countryman of ours." This is the feeling with which we should all have been filled, and which would have been echoed throughout the world, had not attention been turned from the glory of the achievement to the question of the genuineness of Dr. Cook's asserted priority. It will be impossible ever to reëstablish the state of mind that would naturally have prevailed in the absence of this controversy; the thing has been hopelessly cheapened and belittled. This injury, not simply to Peary, but to all the world, and especially to all Americans, Cook has done by his imposture, if he is an impostor.

Though the weight of numbers in the House of Lords was thrown against the budget by a vote of 350 to 75, it cannot be denied that the weight of argument in the upper chamber has been decidedly against both the constitutionality and the wisdom of rejection. No one speaks with more legal authority than Lord James of Hereford, and this eminent Conservative made a reasoned protest against the plan of the majority of the peers. When we reckon in Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord Rosebery, on the same side, we begin to see what a preponderance of intellect and statesmanship the "lords from the wild" were counted upon to swamp by mere number of coronets. The spectacle lends point to the contention of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* that the House of Lords ought to be reconstituted in such a way that really able peers should not be swept away by a brute majority of noble nobodies. Lord Morley's powerful speech of last Monday cannot be brushed aside merely because he is a member of the Government. It was a delicious stroke of satire by which he called Lord Lansdowne the Hampden of the present day. There may well have been in this a slanting reference also to Rosebery's comic suggestion that the Lords were withstanding taxation without representation.

The relations between Church and State in France enter on an acute stage, curiously enough, with the accession of M. Briand to power. It was M. Briand who carried the Separation Law of 1905 through the Chamber, and who, as Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, was concerned with the application of the law and the supplementary legislation of 1906. The Minister was then attacked by the extreme anti-clericals on the ground that his attitude toward Catholicism was too conciliatory. Now that he is Premier, the time would seem to have come for establishing a lasting peace between the Government and the Church. Instead, we have the bishops taking the field against the Government's policy in primary education, and the organization of a Catholic party is seriously discussed. Have the bishops been led to believe that M. Briand may be driven into making concessions? That would be a risky step for the new Prime Minister to take, facing as he does, within his own party, the Combes faction of rabid anti-clericals: a faction that is strong, and alert, and hungry for power.

At the Parliamentary election recently held in Norway, women for the first time voted for the candidates, and were themselves eligible for election. This revolution was accomplished, writes a correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, with the same calm which prevailed when Norway detached itself from the sister-kingdom. At Christiania, for example, something under forty thousand women ("twenty-three thousand married women and fifteen thousand spinsters") took part in the election of members of the Storthing, yet there was "no outcry in the streets, no posters on the walls." They order elections more noisily in France: if no more wisely. Perhaps the tranquillity with which the innovation was effected is partly traceable to the long participation by the women of Norway in the communal elections—and to the circumstance that they have also served as members of the municipal councils.

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THE SUPREME COURT VACANCY.

There has been no denial of the statement, first explicitly made by the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, that President Taft intends to appoint Judge Lurton to succeed the late Judge Peckham in the Supreme Court. Indeed, the President has been avowedly conferring with members of the Senate Judiciary Committee for the purpose of discovering whether the confirmation of Judge Lurton would be opposed. There is no objection that we have heard of except on the score of age. Judge Lurton is a Democrat, but might well be selected to succeed a Democrat. His judicial record, with which President Taft is personally acquainted, is declared to have been honorable, and we know no reason to doubt it. But he is sixty-five years old; and it is gravely open to question whether any man of his age should be named for the Supreme Court, especially in view of the present composition and needs of that body.

Section 114 of the Federal Judiciary Act provides that "when any judge of any court of the United States resigns his office, after having held his commission as such at least ten years, and having attained the age of seventy years, he shall, during the residue of his natural life, receive the same salary which was by law payable to him at the time of his resignation." Later acts provide for retirement, with pension, on the ground of physical disability, short of ten years' service. Now, of course, there is no direction here that a President shall not appoint a judge who is above sixty years of age, but it is at least a fair implication that Congress expected every Federal judge to be capable of serving ten years before retiring at seventy. We believe that when Mr. Edmunds was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, he and his able colleagues, such as Senators Hoar and Thurman, insisted upon a strict construction of the statute; they would not report favorably the nomination of any Federal judge upwards of sixty. The Judiciary Committee of the present Senate, which is decidedly weak in its Republican membership, may not follow that precedent. In fact, it is announced that Senator Borah, who is probably the best lawyer among the Republican members, though his name is at the bottom of the list, has already seen the President and has agreed to waive his objection to Judge Lurton on the ground of age. It is to be presumed, therefore, that Mr. Taft can secure Lurton's confirmation, if he makes a point of it. But that will not alter the misgivings of many persons whose only interest is in the strong personnel and continued usefulness of the Supreme Court.

This conviction is not based upon a narrow interpretation of the Judiciary Act so much as upon the general principles which ought to govern, and upon the exigency which exists to-day in the Supreme Court. As a rule, everybody admits that a reasonably long service by the judges of the Supreme Court is desirable. It tends both to heighten its prestige and to give consistency and force to its decisions. If a powerful and dominating mind appears in the Court, as in the case of a Marshall or a Miller, let us say, service during a period of years will give it freer and richer scope, and leave a deeper impress upon our jurisprudence, than would be possible in a short time. And the abler the associates of such a judge, and the longer their term of vigor on the bench, the greater will be the unity and weight of their decisions. All this is elementary, and there is general agreement that Federal judges ought to be under sixty at the time of their appointment. Historically, only six Supreme Court justices have been named at the age of sixty-one or upwards, the oldest being Mr. Lamar, who was sixty-three when appointed.

The greatest actual need of the Supreme Court is the addition of one or two vigorous junior judges. This is not to say that the older justices are incapacitated, or that we ought not to value their old experience. No one charges that their mental powers are unequal to their work. But there is also a physical strain put upon them, from which they ought to get relief at the hands of younger and more able-bodied associates. We refer, of course, to the hard labor which has to be expended upon the preparation of opinions. After the Court has decided in conference what view to take in a given case, there is need of prolonged industry in compiling precedents and examining the authorities and running down the citations in the briefs of opposing counsel, and then of care and pains in beating out the whole in a decision that shall be as lucid in form as it is masterly in substance. A vast amount of this kind of work is constantly thrown upon the Court, and it is obvious that the older judges are not equal to the exertion required.

It is, we know, said of Judge Lurton that he is as robust at sixty-five as most men at fifty-five. But we cannot disregard the law of averages in these matters. If a judge turns out in old age to be a physical wonder, we may thank our lucky stars, but we have no right in advance to count upon his being a physical wonder. In all these things, we have to reckon with the general expectation of life. We cannot go on the supposition that every judge a President names will prove to be an Eldon. And with nothing but regard for Judge Lurton, we think that Mr. Taft would show a keener appreciation of what is lacking in the Supreme Court to-day, if he filled the vacancy with a younger man.

SECRETARY BALLINGER'S REPORT.

It is doubtful if any annual report by a Secretary of the Interior was ever watched for as was that published by Mr. Ballinger last Monday. This is due not only to the importance of the matters dealt with, but to the controversy which has been raging, in the press and at public meetings, over the policy of the new Administration respecting what remains of the national domain. We have had a whole series of charges and rejoinders. Subordinates of the President have been almost literally flying at one another's throats. The dispute went such lengths of bitterness that Mr. Taft himself was finally compelled to take notice; and in his long and clear review of the points at issue he definitely referred to Secretary Ballinger's forthcoming report as a document which would cover the whole case in a way to satisfy all reasonable men.

It would be too much to expect that the actual report will make an end of controversy, but it is only fair to say that on the main question it is strong and satisfactory. After reading what Secretary Ballinger sets down about facts and policies relating to the conservation of water sources, it will not be possible longer to assert that there is a quiet official conspiracy on foot to alienate to the public harm public lands which are capable of being used to develop water power. The Secretary, of course with the President's approval,

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goes so far as to contend that such lands should never be patented to any private owners whatever—whether individuals or companies—but should be held in perpetuity by the Government. This policy, which we heartily commend, is not intended to eliminate private development of these resources, but the plan is to grant only easements on the land, under long-term leases, and not further to allow sale and ownership outright. Obviously, if a Water Power Trust has been, as alleged, scheming to obtain for itself all the shores of streams in the Northwest, it must now consider its plans frustrated by the Interior Department.

Indeed, so thoroughgoing is the project of control and regulation which Secretary Ballinger outlines, that we shall probably hear many cries of protest from Western Congressmen, and it may be from Western people. They will say that the terms laid down are so onerous that no one will undertake to meet them, and that these untouched lands will not be taken up and improved. But this will be for Congress to decide. As the President promised, the whole matter is sharply placed before those who frame the laws. It is for them to write the laws about land into the law of the land. In the long run, the President and his Cabinet can only execute what they decree. The withdrawals of public land from entry are merely provisional, until Congress shall determine what is to be done with them. Secretary Ballinger's citations from the official records show, as President Taft said they would, that no land whatever available for power sites has been restored to public entry by this Administration. The suspensory power of the Government has been duly exercised. It is now time for the law-making power to do its work.

The Secretary's report further calls upon Congress to amend the laws relating to the classification of public lands, which are now too roughly or vaguely defined. Much deception and fraud have arisen from patenting as timber lands areas which were really desired for mining. Mr. Ballinger urges that the law should be framed to describe public lands "according to their greatest apparent use," as made evident by the studies of the Geological Survey. Far-reaching, too, is his recommendation that, in connection with coal lands, the right to mine should be separated from the title to the soil. We may also mention the Secretary's request for an appropriation to cover the cost of surveying the railway-grant lands in national forests. He enumerates over 6,000,000 acres of unsurveyed lands, which, because they have not been surveyed, are not subject to local or State taxation. In this way, asserts Secretary Ballinger, an "annual donation" of about $300,000 is made to these timber-land owners. He would, therefore, have Congress order the lands to be surveyed at once, and impose a lien upon them for reimbursement of the cost of the work.

Outwardly and formally, then, we must conclude that the Secretary of the Interior has made a full answer to those who have been alleging that he was secretly in collusion with land-grabbers and monopolists. There is a sense, however, in which no answer has been made, and none can be made in writing. A vast amount of discretion is necessarily reposed by the laws in the Secretary of the Interior. Immense property rights are constantly coming before him for adjudication, and he may, always within the letter of the statute, turn the scale insensibly to the side of injustice or bad public policy. Hence the urgent need of having a Secretary whose bearing and reputation are such that fraud shrinks from his presence and charges of wrongdoing fall broken before him. It is to establishing a name for probity and official sternness, like Secretary Hitchcock's, that Mr. Ballinger will need to devote his main energies, so that the people will believe that sound laws are energized in the pure and vigorous personality of their enforcer. In that view, Secretary Ballinger is still on trial, as any new man in his office must be.

THE COMMON MAN'S VOCABULARY.

The gulf between life and the literature that pretends to mirror life is something we are always aware of, and something we always wink at. We speak of Kipling's India. But competent authorities tell us that not only do British administrators in India behave quite differently from Kipling's heroes—which we might have guessed for ourselves—but they talk differently. People who know the Far West assert that the cowboy's language is not Alfred Henry Lewis's. People who know Alaska assure us that the English tongue in the Yukon Valley is not what it is in Jack London's books. Chimmie Fadden's dialect is a highly polished elaboration of the real Chuck Conners. All this is familiar enough. What is not so commonplace is the difference between the way in which the literary man misrepresented life a hundred or even fifty years ago, and the way in which he does it now. To talk like a book in Jane Austen's day meant something quite different from talking like a book in Richard Harding Davis's. Once upon a time "affectionate and ever-dutiful sons" wrote to their "beloved and honored parents." Nowadays, if we may take the novelist's word for it, "yours in haste, T." writes to "Dear Pop" for a fat remittance. A hundred years ago, as to-day, the scribblers have, as a rule, been false to the spoken language of life. One hundred years ago they rose above the vernacular. To-day we generally sink below it.

The present hour has supplied us with two striking examples of how the common man thinks and writes in the presence of that most impressive of all facts, Death. Among the twenty men who were rescued after a week from the St. Paul's mine at Cherry, Illinois, was an Italian, Joe Peggatti, who had drafted the following last testament, addressed to his wife:

> This is the fourth day we have been down here. That's what I think, but our watches stopped. I am writing in the dark because we have been eating the wax from our safety lamps. I also have eaten a plug of tobacco, some bark, and some of my shoes. I could only chew it. I hope you can read this. I am not afraid to die. O, Holy Virgin, have mercy on me! I think my time has come. You know what my property is. We worked for it together, and it is all yours. You have been a good wife. May the Holy Virgin guard you. I hope this reaches you some time and you can read it. It has been very quiet down here, and I wonder what has become of our comrades. Good-by until heaven shall bring us together.

Samuel Howard was not so fortunate as Joe Peggatti. Rescue for him came too late; his body was found in the second level of the mine, and with it a diary which he seems to have kept up until the last moment of consciousness. Some of the entries run:

> If I am dead give my diamond ring to Mamie Robinson. The ring is at the post office. I had it sent there. Henry Caumicent can have the ring I have home in my good clothes. . . . The only thing I regret is my brother that could help mother out after I am dead and gone. I tried my best to get out but could not. . . . To

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keep me from thinking, I thought I would write these few lines. . . . Sixteen to 1 P. M., Monday. The lives are going out. I think this is our last.

This is indeed simplicity of style, the simplicity which comes upon man in the face of ultimate facts. But its simplicity is not enough for the modern novelist, who would proceed to reduce Joe Peggatti's or Samuel Howard's last words to a mixture of slang, blasphemy, and ejaculatory heroics; reduce him, that is, from a man thinking upon himself and Fate to—what is the favorite phrase?—a brute beast with his foot in a trap.

Take the ordinary American in his normal condition, and nothing does him more injustice than the strong mixture of slang, expletive, and primitive vocabulary with which the literary man endows him. Actually, your farmer, clerk, or commercial traveller knows the meaning of long words from the Latin, likes them, and uses them, probably with greater frequency than the college professor outside of his classroom. The college professor says, "I missed my chance," where the man in the subway says, "I overlooked the opportunity"; the professor says, "Billy worries me," where the man in the subway says, "Billy causes me anxiety"; the professor says, "I bought myself some clothes yesterday," and the other says, "I completed my purchases yesterday." Professor, artist, and literary man in revolt against the old conception of a book-language strive and attain the limit of baldness in expression. The tendency is emphasized by the literary tradition that high social standing goes with more or less complete inarticulateness.

A real Bronx street-cleaner has been overheard saying to a fellow street-cleaner: "You are old enough to have conquered your timidity." How many college professors would let fall a phrase, like that without feeling very priggish for five minutes thereafter? Whether the cultured classes profess simplicity because it's the right thing socially or because it's the language of the Bible, novelists should not overlook the fact that butchers and grocers say "desire" for "want," "precisely" for "just," "magnificent" for "great," and "substantial" for "a good deal." If we need further proof we find it in the newspapers written for the masses. There is no stinting of the long word and the pedantic phrase in the columns of your great popular tribunes.

As a nation brought up on much oratory from the platform and the press, we naturally incline to the long, orotund word. As a nation of traffickers, we incline to the commercial traveller's ideal of style, which takes the same direction. Our cultured classes are under the influence of rugged British usage, which says "The Twelve o'Clock Sunday Closing Bill," instead of "An Act for the Regulation of Sunday Traffic in Liquors"; and says, "I am quite sure we can put you up," instead of "Plenty of accommodation for every one, Bill." It is greatly to be desired that Literature and the Drama should take notice of this fact.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

After the word "Finis" in Mr. De Morgan's latest (and longest) novel* are appended a few paragraphs alluringly headed, "The Author to His Readers Only." They might have been printed as a preface; but the writer seems to offer them as a kind of reward for those who have faithfully made their way to that final milestone. As bearing upon Mr. De Morgan's theory of fiction, these paragraphs have more than the casual interest suggested by their opening lines. *Verser comme si c'était pour soi* is, he declares, what the story-teller should be encouraged to do.

This certainly is his own habit, and the secret of his charm. He has poured himself forth as if merely for his own satisfaction, and has thereby gained a whole world of affectionate auditors. There has been nothing at all like it in our day. The best of our contemporary novelists, highly as we are able to commend their technical skill, their ingenious matter, their remarkable "average" of workmanship, do not so come home to our business and our bosoms. What we really await with impatience is the man who is simple and strong enough to disregard the rules with safety—*verser comme si c'était pour soi*. Fiction, indeed, if we are to judge it by its masterpieces, has thus far declined to be reduced to code. In a vague sense, it bears a relation to the drama similar to that which painting bears to sculpture. Its triumphs have been subjective and intimate. Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, even Balzac, are more akin to Montaigne than to Shakespeare. De Morgan has more in common with Dr. Holmes than with Mr. Pinero.

The antecedents and personal history of such a writer are of more than ordinary interest. William Frend, De Morgan's grandfather, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army; his father, Augustus De Morgan, was born in Madras in 1806. He was presumably "sent home" to be brought up, according to Anglo-Indian custom. At all events, his later life was spent in England, most of it as professor of mathematics at University College. He was a master of his subject and a voluminous writer; you may find a dozen titles under his name in any large public library. There are lively touches in more than one of these books, and the reminiscences of the mathematician's wife make it perfectly clear that he had a very characteristic humor of his own. The writer of these reminiscences was herself an interesting person, if for no other reason than because she knew Lamb personally. Her father, William Frend, once a Cambridge tutor, became an insurance actuary in London, and may very likely have known that Charles Lamb who perched at a desk in the East India Office as well as the stammering, convivial Elia.

His namesake, William Frend De Morgan, was born just seventy years ago, in November, 1839. He went to the University College School, but from the first his bent seems to have been toward art rather than scholarship. At twenty he entered the Royal Academy Schools. He studied painting there for several years, but himself says that he cannot claim ever to have been a painter. His first serious work began when, in 1864, he busied himself with stained glass. Even then he had not found his lifework. It was six or seven years later that he took up ceramics: a potter he remained till 1904. In this art he won a *succès d'estime*, but no widespread recognition, and a very moderate pecuniary reward. It is to be wondered whether his popularity as a novelist may not have "boomed" his tiles and vessels of "Persian ware"; may not have made a merchantable thing of the "De Morgan lustre," which has long been favorably known among amateurs. Mr. De Morgan disclaims the invention of this ware, regarding it rather as a re-discovery of certain colors—one blue in particular—to be found in ancient Persian pottery. Oddly enough, he has made a number of inventions in other fields—a duplex gearing for bicycles, a sieve for refining clay, and a smoke-consuming grate. These again, though he still has faith in them, have failed of commercial success. It remained for him, at sixty-four, with ill health and old age upon him, and a lifetime of half-rewarded endeavor to deter him from further effort, to make the final triumphant invention of himself as a popular novelist.

It is easy to make too much of the accidental aspect of such a success as Mr. De Morgan's. How we encouraged ourselves to marvel, only the other day, at Du Maurier's similar emergence into

*"It Never Can Happen Again." By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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the focal point of that immense applause which is chiefly reserved nowadays for the conqueror in the popular arena of fiction! And with De Morgan does not the marvel assume to the fancy some sort of arithmetical or geometrical increase, since the author of "Joseph Vance" was eight years older yet than the author of "Peter Ibbetson"? Yet it may fairly be held that these two men had had the best possible preparation for ripe imaginative work. It would be a happy day (for the reviewer at least) if ninety-nine hundredths of our busy young novelists were suddenly to perceive the folly of attempting to utter what is not in them. Suppose they were to reckon up the real masterpieces of fiction—the dozen or so great novels which the world can not afford to let die—and note how many of them were written on the farther side of the Ostlerian deadline! Du Maurier and De Morgan brought to their self-delighting task hands and brains unwearied by the piteous struggles of professional authorship. The cream of experience had not been detached piecemeal by the separator of daily copy-making. There is a heavy risk for those who lisp in copy because the copy has to come, and whose mature years are given to the effort (not without its satisfactions) of wresting a livelihood from the manufacture of an endless series of words to be paid for according to the testimony of the editorial yardstick.

If his portraits are at all to be trusted, Mr. De Morgan looks ten years older than he really is. His face is that of an old man, lined, sunken, and sombre. Six years ago, when a serious illness overtook him, he might well have seemed to himself nearly at the end of his activity. But at a certain stage of his convalescence he was casually moved to set pen to paper by way of pastime. A dim notion of a story had come into his mind, and the result was the first chapter of "Joseph Vance." As completed some time after, the tale took a very different shape from that in which the writer had at first vaguely fancied it. According to report, he had projected a severe and realistic narrative, unrelieved by humor, and the attempt went heavily until he presently hit upon his true vein. With the appearance of Lossie, he says, the story took hold of him, and after that he was eager to find out the end of it. It came to him, however, in a way so haphazard that he had great difficulty in giving it any appearance of consecutiveness.

"Ill-written" it is, according to all the canons of our "well-made" fiction—without rhyme or reason to the hasty or impatient reader who wants to know what happened, and be quick about it. Very much of it seems irrelevant to the progress of the tale, and yet so packed with subtle intimation and cross-allusion are these many pages that it is not safe to skip a sentence, if one is to stand even a chance of understanding the matter as a whole. And the matter as a whole will not seem to a certain type of mind quite worth the pains—a simple series of events, surely: why not tell them straight out, and be done with it? The difficulty appeared so serious that the present writer, in reviewing the story at the moment of its first appearance, assumed confidently (and, no doubt, complacently) that it would prove caviare to the general. Let us hope that the instant and amazing success of the book proved a lesson to him! He had overlooked the fact that "Joseph Vance," however it might impress a certain type of mind, went straight to the heart we all have in common. As Lady Cecil has said—perhaps a trifle superciliously—De Morgan writes for people who "like to read with the senses as well as with the reason."

The thing that struck us all first about "Joseph Vance" was its well-nigh incredible indifference to the literary fashions and tendencies which have manifested themselves during the past three or four decades. It almost seemed that the story must have been written a generation ago. Could any writer with a knowledge of Meredith and Hardy and Kipling and Mrs. Humphry Ward have written such a book? Belated Victorianism was the cry everywhere lifted and prolonged by really modern critics. There was some difference of opinion, perhaps, as to whether the phenomenon represented a survival or a reversion. I do not know that any authority is capable of deciding that important point even now. But there was no doubt about the main fact: the Victorianism itself was as plain as a pikestaff. In the address "To His Readers Only," on page 688 of "It Never Can Happen Again," Mr. De Morgan admits the charge good-humoredly—or with the least possible hint of impatience:

> At the risk of more Early Victorianism—I have a heavy score against me—may I use the rest of this fly-leaf, otherwise blank, to touch on another point? I know that gossiping with one's readers is a disreputable Early Victorian practice, and far from Modern, which everything ought to be.

But Early Victorianism was only half the verdict; the author of "Joseph Vance" was at once detected as an imitator of Dickens, a master long more or less discredited in polite circles. I suppose Mr. De Morgan would not dream of denying a discipular relation to the Boz who ruled the world during his growing years as school-boy and art-student. Perhaps the younger De Morgan imitated him in certain early attempts at satirical writing to which he confesses. That would have been natural enough; what strikes us as odd is that after half a century he should have retained his allegiance to the now half-discredited despot of his youth. There is a Rip van Winkle suggestion about the whole affair—as if the forty years' addiction to stained glass and pottery were nothing more than a long dream, from which the writer at length awoke, to take up the sentence where he had broken it off.

An idle suggestion, of course. Without that forty years of labor and of ripening, these "Early Victorian" novels could not have come into being. But if we were to follow the fancy a little farther, we should picture the first chapter of "Joseph Vance" as done at the moment of awakening. And there are scenes and figures in all of the later novels which could hardly have been written if Dickens had never set the model. However, a little study of this resemblance reveals the fact that it is chiefly a matter of surface and minor detail. Fondness for the grotesque-pathetic, as found in the low life of a great city—*the* great city; a tendency toward caricature and mere facetiousness; a passion for strange nomenclature—some such matters as these the earlier and the later novelist appear to share. No doubt De Morgan, like his master, does "like to be read with the senses as well as with the reason," and no doubt he is content with the broad method when it best promises the attainment of his end.

But his method, as well as his material, is very different in most important respects from that of Dickens. He is far less the showman, the dashing prestidigitator. The supreme test of modern fiction is, after all, characterization. What we are always asking of the novelist is, Are these people of yours real, do they live and move before us—with us? If not, you cannot think to put us off with your inventions, your lectures, your bits of description, your mere events.

That effect of breathing reality cannot be given offhand. Dickens had his exciting creative experiences: you recall how Pickwick emerged gradually, as if by his own volition, from the fat elderly buffoon of the earlier chapters, to a sort of benevolent and venerable Father Christmas. But that kind of steady growth and development is not characteristic of most of his people. They are rather like figures at first blocked in roughly upon a well-lighted canvas—destined to change much in coloring, a little even in outline, but never to move, to step down and out into life. De Morgan's people are far more like Thackeray's—persons whom we meet, and of whom we at first get a vague impression based upon their physical appearance, their manner, their speech. We better our acquaintance with them very gradually, as we must with people in "real life." Their sponsor does not pretend to know much more about them at the outset than we

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do; but he knows where they are to be found, is sure that they are worth following up, takes us again and again into their company, and, with our assistance, as it seems, makes in the end some appreciable approach toward an understanding of them. He does not try to persuade us that we have got to the bottom of them: they live, hence are unfathomable.

In this best achievement of De Morgan's art there is nothing distinctively Victorian—it is precisely what the most "modern" novelists are striving for—for the most part in vain. The theory of his belatedness is further discredited by a little attention to his "plots"—that range of action within which the inevitable delimitations of the author's mind and sympathy leave his creatures free to move. Fancy the theme of "Somehow Good" in the hands of the great Philistine Boz, or the great snob Titmarsh: De Morgan's treatment of it would have been inconceivable to the Early Victorian mind. It is essentially, amazingly modern. It assimilates all that is wholesome and affirmative in our somewhat self-conscious tolerance with regard to sexual matters, and shows how naturally what the Victorians would have disposed of as a lost woman—a woman betrayed by ignorance in girlhood—may be throughout her mature life a strong, happy creature.

"Somehow Good" still stands, I think, as De Morgan's best work thus far. There he evidently saw his way pretty well from the outset. In "It Never Can Happen Again" he is embarrassed by two distinct themes, or groups of characters, and hardly succeeds in getting them to work together plausibly, though there is one supreme point of contact. The first two chapters open in a way strikingly suggestive of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." "Lizarann," in her slum, with her blind father and her drunken uncle, is very like another Alice. We expect her to emerge, after many quiet adventures, into a kindly and comfortable middle-class circle, where she may marry the amiable young fellow she deserves, and be duly happy. One doubts if the author may not have had himself some such faint foreshadowing. Perhaps he was turned aside by the fear (to which he has owned) of repeating himself. Lizarann is the most enchanting of children, and would have become, we are sure, a maiden worthy of her irresistible forerunners, Lossie and Alice and Sallie. The fact that "Blind Jim" was the original title suggests that Lizarann and Jim Coupland were intended to be the important figures in the book. So in a sense they are, but a small minority of the multitudinous pages of this narrative concern them. They remain, for the most part, an infinitely lovable and pathetic pair, in the background of the action. In due time Lizarann dies of the consumption to which she is doomed from the outset, and blind one-legged Jim is cut off at the moment when the news of her death is being brought to him. In the act of death he becomes, it is true, the determining factor in the main action. If Lizarann's dying cry had not mysteriously reached her father across those miles of English country he would not have run out upon the highroad, Lord Felixthorpe's car would not have run over him, Sir Alfred Challis would not have been knocked on the head, and Judith Arkroyd would have found herself a little later in a position equivocal, to say the least.

It is with Judith and Challis and his wife, Marianne, that the story as a story is concerned. If it were not for the considerations connected with Deceased Wife's Sisters, the story would have been simple enough, and could have been told in fifty words. But there are such considerations, and many of them; the result is a considerably involved plot.

But it is all unnecessarily ingenious. Surely the author of "Somehow Good" does not need to hatch up this sort of complication. The disappointing thing is that neither Challis nor Judith nor Marianne is quite worth the infinite attention we are called upon to pay them. Perhaps the trouble is that one finds it hard to like any of them thoroughly. The warm personal affection wrung from us by the chief characters in the other novels remains untouched by this minutely exhibited trio—though it goes forth readily enough to several of the other characters: Lizarann, Jim, the Reverend Athelstan Taylor, and his Adeline. Unfortunately, the Deceased Wife's Sister group have the floor the greater part of the time. I am not sure that the impatient mind may not be justified of its impatience as to the lengths, linear measure, to which is carried the discussion of them.

But it would be sad to believe that no more volumes as portly were to come from this in all senses genial hand.

H. W. Boynton.

THE POETRY OF FATHER TABB.

Father Tabb was not only a poet, but a scholar, and he would permit us to approach his somewhat singular work in a spirit of academic classification. And first his mood was eminently gnomic and sententious. A poem exceeding the measure of the sonnet was exceptional with him. He not merely limited the number of lines, but their length. The pithy octosyllable was his favorite form, and shorter lines are common. Nearly the whole of his work consists of epigrams in the Greek sense. These miniature poems recall the passages that one extracts from the more discursive meditations of Henry Vaughan or our own Emerson. But no one is tempted to excerpt from Father Tabb. One quotes the entire poem or nothing. Nor is this lack of salient line or phrase a defect. Examine these epigrams microscopically, and no member but shows some curious felicity, some delicate modelling touch of the file. These tiny gnomes are calculated wholes, structures so unitary that decoration is almost excluded. This work has an odd artificial naturalness, to find a parallel for which I am driven to the minor arts of Japan. You will recall how an artisan of Nippon, finding a knot of wood, a water-worn lump of amber, or the bleached tooth of a beast, will work out some most ingenious and expressive bit of sculpture by the slightest modifications of the natural form. He seems to be indeed less of a creator than a discoverer and exhibitor of some casual beauty already existing. And so many of Father Tabb's best poems give the impression of simply occurring under a hand that gives only the ultimate contour. Take

THE BIRTH OF A WORLD.

A hidden world,
Unwombing, hurled
From dark to light.
And to the skies
Its wondering eyes
The livelong night
Doth Science turn, with sighs
When shadows take their flight.

Another birth—
A soul to earth
But newly come!
Its destiny
Eternity.
With wonder dumb,
The heavens look down to see
Our faces turned therefrom.

Here is a wonderful knot on the two sides of which the skilful carver, perceiving two solemn masks, has with reverent solicitude merely cut away the obscuring fibres.

On several of his title-pages is found the word lyrics. It seems to me a misnomer. Elaborately musical as his verse is, it has little singing quality. We find in these miniature structures not the free and spontaneous gush of song, but the balanced and calculated forms of concerted music. And here the outer form corresponds perfectly to the inner mood. These poems are products of meditation, they suggest quite as much a way of thinking as a mode of feeling. In fact, for most of them one could find a quite definite formula. All this relates Father Tabb to those English poets who by a stretch of language are called metaphysical, Donne and Vaughan being the perfect examples of the tendency. But there was something so finely traditional, so eminently Christian and Catholic, about Father Tabbs's formula, that his conceits seem purged of personal whim. At all times Christians have believed that the visible world is but a glass in which we see darkly the image of God

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Childish as the process seems to the eye of skepticism, this habit of regarding the outer world as a provider of *exempla* which must be converted into spiritual values has been profoundly salutary, and if its literary fruits have been too often barren allegory, it has also kept alive a fanciful and questioning attitude toward nature. This is soil in which the imagination may thrive. The danger for poets of this allegorizing temper is that of writing into the ensample book of nature their own hasty answers; and the critical question with regard to such poets is, how far intellectual ingenuity has usurped the place of authentic imagination. Now is not the time to weigh Father Tabb in this balance. To me personally it seems he veered now inward to his own agile fancy, now outward to the gradual undertone of nature, as his mood and inspiration served. A poem like the following, one of his subtlest, will bear either classification, in which case the pragmatist tells us the distinction really doesn't matter:

DUST TO DUST.

"In the centre of each snow-crystal or drop of rain, is found a minute particle of dust."

Earth wedded, life atwain
In heaven, were endless pain,
Uplifted from the plain
To realms of snow or rain,
Of dust each lonely grain
To dust will come again.

To me, however, this seems a border-line poem of an especially instructive sort. Its quality is, I think, genuinely imaginative, but a fuller inspiration would have drawn the prose text into the rhythmical homily. To exemplify the difference between Father Tabb possessed by his theme and merely playing with it, I need only cite one of his most engaging conceits:

SHEET LIGHTNING.

A glance of love or jealousy,
It flashes to and fro—
A swift sultanic majesty,
Through Night's seraglio;

Where many a starry favorite,
In reverence profound,
Awaits, with palpitating light,
A step without a sound.

It is odds whether Father Tabb is most likely to be remembered by a few little masterpieces of this frankly artificial sort, or by those poems that reach deeper issues. I sometimes fear that, in the mood of sheer artistry and moral detachment he is most perfect.

At any rate, for sheer lapidary perfection, Father Tabb hardly has his mate among American poets, or for that matter, among the English poets of his time. Even Aldrich had a vaguer sense of his own limitations and was more frequently below his best. Except for the French poet Heredia, with his single sheaf of sonnets, I can hardly name a modern poet whose garden being so small is at once so habitable and so impressive. At Father Tabb's more obvious affinity, Emily Dickinson, I can only glance. It seems to me that he contains in far finer form pretty much everything that is valuable in her thought. He, too, has his lapses. The intricate balance of his little poems made the construction of each almost as much of a technical adventure as the framing of an ode, and he did not always come out well. I could, but will not, cite a number of poems where the allegory will bite a sensitive reader.

Within the permitted space, I can merely hint at the variety contained within limits apparently narrow. We have seen that most of the poems are parables in little. The texts are usually furnished by the singing birds, thickets, meadows, and hills of the Maryland Blue Ridge. Except for the simpler Bible Stories, there is rarely a suggestion of history. The verses are profoundly literary, yet one hardly guesses what latent influences from older poetry may have transpired. The world of struggling men and women is held far away. Occasional intimations of a love become reminiscent hardly constitute a bond. We have to do simply with the transaction between nature and a curiously meditative mind.

The life that so tranquilly expressed itself in poetry was a broken one. Born in Virginia, in 1845, John Bannister Tabb gave his youth to the Confederacy. His education had been solitary, from tutors, from whom, perhaps, like Vaughan before him, he got an inkling of "logicals." He puts himself down modestly as a "clerk" in the Confederate navy. Serving on the blockade-runner Robert E. Lee, he had the unclerkly privilege of being shot at without returning the fire. After many successful trips to the British East Indies, the Lee was captured, and "Johnny T.," as his shipmates called him, sent to the military prison at Point Lookout, Maryland. There Sidney Lanier found him, and their life-long friendship began. At the age of twenty-seven, we find John B. Tabb a Catholic proselyte already in deacon's orders, and a belated undergraduate of St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland. This institution, with occasional interruptions, he served as a professor of English literature until his death. In his thirty-ninth year, he was ordained priest. Whether the twelve years' delay implies a mental hesitation, or mere inertia, whether one may link with it those more lyrical poems of unrequiring love that appear in his first volume, we, perhaps, have no right to ask. In any case, postponement was almost the rule of Father Tabb's life. The only thing regular about it was the tireless cultivation of the solitary muse. The magazines soon gave him recognition, and his name became a bond between readers of a certain discernment, but he was nearing fifty before the first of those little square volumes saw the light, in 1894.

Of his personal predilections, except that he was a cultivated lover of music and a pianist of no mean accomplishment, one knows only what may be gathered from his verse. Possibly some of his associates of St. Charles may supply the personalia one craves, but this were better left undone than done indiscreetly. About two years ago, the blindness that for years had threatened him became imminent. It found pathetic reflection in his poetry. There were rumors that he was in want and dependent upon the bounty of his college. This he denied in a characteristic note to the *Nation* (August 27, 1908), in which he declared that despite the wishes of his associates, he would live in college just so long as his savings availed to support him and no longer. Happily, the dire issue never arose, for death overtook him among his colleagues and on the scene of his long labors as a teacher.

Father Tabb had his rebel side. His correspondents could tell of whimsical drawings and pungent limericks of most unpriestly, if innocent, stamp. Some of these oddities, I believe he printed in a volume which I have not by me. I fear they made but a poor showing in the types, though they were heartening enough in his own fine chirography.

Father Tabb was the poet of the single metaphor. His sonnets reveal this strikingly. They follow usually the consecrated formula. "As" leading the octave; "so" announcing the sestet. Their lack of density as compared with his briefer forms revea's the tenuity of the ingredients. To borrow a pertinent term from the graphic arts, he was one of the "little masters" of the metaphor. Take from his first volume that audacious but eminently Catholic conceit:

OUT OF BOUNDS.

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all,
Join in to get Him back His ball!

I know of no poem that illustrates better the artful simplicity, the whimsical mating of sheer imagination and pure conceit that make Father Tabb to his readers simply one of the most engaging figures in poetry. He would have been the last one to regard such personal enthusiasms as final measures of literary values. Yet gratitude for a gift that never presumed, never imposed itself, never sunk to commonplace, is more in order now than criticism.

Father Tabb's intimate and genuine feeling for correspondences is fully expressed in the poem "Fraternity," with which this brief tribute may fittingly close. The stanzas might have been call-

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ed more ambitiously "Predestination Unto Poesy."

I know not but in every leaf
That sprang to life along with me,
Were written all the joy and grief
Thenceforth my fate to be.

The wind that whispered to the earth,
The bird that sang its earliest lay,
The flower that blossomed at my birth—
My kinsmen all were they.

Ay, but for fellowship with these
I had not been—nay, might not be;
Nor they but vagrant melodies
Till harmonized by me.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Among collectors the books of Poe are still in the ascendant. On the evening of November 22, the large sum of $3,800 was paid for Mr. Maier's copy of that thin pamphlet, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1843), which has been already referred to in this column. This is the highest price ever paid at public auction for any American printed book. There are a few other American books which, if they were to come upon the market would undoubtedly surpass this record, such, for example, as the Bay Psalm Book (1640), the first book printed within the limits of the present United States; the first Massachusetts Laws (1648), and the first New York Laws (1694). These are all much older books. One other modern book is as valuable—Poe's first book, "Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (Boston, 1827). Of this, which may be considered the most valuable nineteenth-century printed book in existence, three copies only are known, two, both perfect and with the covers, being in the library of F. R. Halsey of this city, and one, lacking the covers, in the British Museum.

Two thousand nine hundred dollars was paid at the same sale for the interesting association copy of Poe's second book, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (Baltimore, 1829). This, as we noted last week, was the copy used by Poe when preparing for the press the collection of his poems published in 1845 as "The Raven and Other Poems." In that book the following note, signed "E. A. P.," was prefixed to the section "Poems of Youth":

> Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed verbatim—without alteration from the original edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

Notwithstanding this statement these poems are not "printed verbatim." The variations are numerous as shown by the alterations in Poe's autograph in the Maier copy. Another peculiarity of this copy is that the date of imprint instead of 1829 is (*or seems to be*) 1820. The late J. C. Chamberlain, who examined the book when it came up in the Harold Peirce sale in Philadelphia in 1903, was of the opinion that the date had been altered in ink from 1829 to 1820 and *by Poe himself*. His purpose was, Mr. Chamberlain surmised, to show a book which antedated Tennyson's first volume of verse, the "Poems of Two Brothers" (1827), which is referred to in the note quoted above. If this could be proven it would make the volume still more interesting. It is certainly, as we said before, the most interesting "association" Poe book in existence.

The most important items in the second Haber sale, which will be held by the Anderson Auction Company on December 7 and 8, afternoons and evenings, are the early editions of the works of Edmund Spenser. They include the first edition of "The Faerie Queene," both parts (1590-1596), also a second set with the first part, second edition (1596), and the first and second folio editions (1609 and 1611), the "Complaints" (1591), "The Shepheard's Calendar" (1591), and "Colin Clouts Come Home Again" (1595).

Among other early English books are Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman," the second edition (1550); More's "Utopia," first edition in English (1551); Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" (1589); the "Mirrour for Magistrates" (1610); Phaer and Twyne's translation of Virgil (1596); Milton's "Poems," first edition (1645), and the second edition (1673); "Paradise Lost" (1667), with the second title-page, and with the seven preliminary leaves added from a later issue; Shirley's "Poems" (1646), and Killigrew's "Comedies and Tragedies" (1664).

Among books by American authors, the Whittier items are perhaps the most interesting. Mr. Haber's "Mogg Megone" (1836) is the copy given to Miss Lucy Hooper, and the letter of presentation accompanies the book; his "Narrative of James Williams" (1838) is accompanied by Whittier's letter acknowledging the authorship of the book; and his "Moll Pitcher" (1832), is the Foote copy with two letters from the author relating to it, in which he says, under date of April 22, 1884: "I doubt whether any copy of 'Moll Pitcher' is extant. It was a mere pamphlet and only a few copies printed."

The oldest book in the collection is a fine copy of that famous picture book of the Middle Ages, the "Nuremberg Chronicle" (1493), which contains upwards of 2,000 wood-cuts. This copy contains the numbered leaves at the end which were left blank, in order that the owner might write in a continuation of the history.

On December 6, Stan. V. Henkels will sell in Philadelphia a collection of autograph letters and historical documents, mainly from the correspondence of Elbridge Gerry, including fine specimens of many Revolutionary names.

In presenting One Hundred Famous First Editions in English and French Literature, Ernest Dressel North, No. 4 East Fifty-ninth Street, has been guided quite as much by literary interest as by bibliographical rarity. The earliest volume is Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, with six facsimile leaves. Only ten copies of this book are known in any state. The latest item is the modest volume, Whittier's "Snow Bound," 1866.

Between these terms there is much of interest that can only be glanced at. Milton's "Paradise Lost," with the second title page—or is it the first? the doctors disagree; Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield"; Butler's "Hudibras" with the sequels; De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," all three parts; the thin pamphlet in which FitzGerald published the first English Rubáiyát—here are some of the most striking exhibits. The original issue of the "Tattler" and "Rambler" are to the layman among the more inviting volumes.

In sheer rarity, all yield to Robert Burns's "Poems," the third edition, 1787, This copy is in its original binding, and throughout the skeletonized proper names have been filled in in the poet's handwriting.

There is an excellent catalogue, with full literary and bibliographical indications. The exhibition extends from December 1 to 14, and will appeal equally to bibliophiles and unpretentious gentle readers.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on "The Football Deaths" (the *Nation*, November 4), you mention the reluctance of the football rules committee to change the game

> in such a way that it will resemble the English, or soccer, game, in which players are not allowed to run carrying the ball. The chief argument we have heard against this change is that the English game is not an exciting enough contest for the young American.

Permit me to point out that "soccer" is not "the" English game, and that it is not an exciting enough contest for most young Englishmen. In the English universities two games of football are played—Association, or "soccer," and Rugby. Rugby, in which the player is allowed to run carrying the ball, is somewhat the more popular. But neither game has the universal vogue among schools and colleges which the American game enjoys. At Eton, for instance, neither game is regularly played; there are instead two local varieties of football, the "wall game" and the "field game," both differing widely from the games played at the universities. Winchester and Harrow also have games of their own. In the colonies Rugby is played in a way which seems to tend toward something like the American game.

There is, therefore, no game which occupies in England the position held by football in America, and the English universities have no predominant autumn sport. There are rowing events of some importance, track meets, hare and hound runs, and golf tournaments. Lacrosse has been introduced, and has met with some favor. Hockey—which we call "shinny" and relegate to vacant city lots—is nearly as popular as "soccer" football. But no one of these games is absorbing enough to arouse universal interest and displace its rivals. A few hundred undergraduates watch the more important "rugger" games, but no match except the Oxford-Cambridge is played on a field provided with seating arrangements for a large audience.

Those who have followed football on both sides of the Atlantic believe it would be a useless retrogression to attempt a modification of American football in the direction of either Rugby or "soccer." It is not the rules that make the English game safe. The excessive softness of the ground, which is covered with very thick turf and rarely freezes or even dries out in the football

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season, is one explanation of the comparative freedom of English players from injuries more serious than sprains and bruises. But the great reason is the different spirit in which the games are played. The Englishman looks on a game as a means of finding amusement and exercise. He therefore refuses to take sport seriously, to "go in to the game hard" regardless of injury to himself or his opponents. Except in rowing, he pays little attention to training, coaching, and practice. And if he can afford to keep horses and hunt, or if he has facilities for shooting, or plays a good game of court tennis, he will not go in for organized athletics at all. A man in an English university does not play football unless he thinks football the most agreeable form of outdoor exercise, and as long as he finds in the game what he is looking for, he does not care a great deal whether his side wins or not. This increase of efficiency at the cost of time and comfort would not appeal to him at all, for the English athlete has other interests outside his game, and would not think of sacrificing his studies, his social pleasures, or his leisure to a sport.

It is this calm, casual, excessively amateur spirit, incomprehensible to many American athletes, which makes English games comparatively safe. Rugby, "soccer," and hockey might be dangerous indeed if played "for God, for country, and for Yale." If we wish to obviate the perils of American football it is not the rules we must Anglicize, but the temperament of the players.

F. SCHENCK.

Oxford University, November 15.

OPEN FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In dealing with recent football casualties in an editorial paragraph, November 25, your statement, in reference to the Yale-Harvard game, that "the expectation that the Yale team would open up the game for the game's sake proved fruitless," seemed to one reader at least to do some injustice to an eleven which surely during the past season has practised the new football, with its theories of open play, more consistently and brilliantly than any other eleven in the East. Any unprejudiced observer of the game you criticise will bear witness to the fact that that contest illustrated with peculiar force the advantages from a strategic, as well as a humanitarian, standpoint, of the open game, as actually played by Yale, over the football of ten years ago, as employed by Harvard throughout the afternoon. Lilley's injury was not due, as you intimate, to Harvard's line-plunging tactics, but occurred in a broken field, and was caused by what seemed to many spectators an unnecessarily rough tackle, which the tension of the opening play of the game may explain, if it does not excuse.

New rules for enforcing less rough and more open play should undoubtedly be advocated, but it seems that the efforts of the football authorities in New Haven during the season which has just closed, as well as in previous years, to develop the game along open lines, should receive appreciation and approval, certainly from the *Nation*.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

Hartford, Conn., November 26.

[We certainly had no intention of doing injustice to the Yale team. Our criticism of the game agreed with the comments made generally in the press. —ED. NATION.]

THE "FOOTBALL" IMPOSTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems curious that the opponents of the fight to kill or cripple, miscalled a game, and miscalled football, have never noted the fraudulent shelter under which its advocates take refuge, and the false pretence by which they secure a good will meant for a wholly different and real game. It is not football; it is handball. It is not the continuance of the old football of our boyhood; it is a "protective mimicry" of the name, used for something wholly different, and used "with intent to deceive." The reason why almost none were injured in the old and none are reasonably secure from death or maiming in the new is that in the former the ball was kept on the ground; in the latter it is kept in the arms; hence, in the former the violence was expended on the ball, in the latter it is expended on the holder, or his companions. The "old boys" who rave over the game for old associations' sake, and revile its opponents, are unconsciously befooling themselves or consciously befooling others.

ANTAPATE.

Hartford, Conn., November 26.

THE READING OF VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether or not it was by a coincidence that in your issue of November 11 there appeared an interesting paper by Professor Gummere of Haverford College, protesting against the modern method of reading verse from the platform and stage, and a criticism of the opening of the New Theatre, and of the inability of most of the players, including those taking the parts of Antony and Cleopatra, to render Shakespearean verse as verse, I do not know. In any case, I am sure that a great number of your readers hope that there may be an awakening of the players, the dramatic schools, and those who profess English literature and elocution, to the fact that prose is prose and verse is verse. Why should the interpreters of Stephen Phillips (his "Herod" is now to be seen in New York city), why should those who attempt to revive Shakespeare, fear to read their lines, not, to be sure, in the ranting or sing-song style of old-time barn-storm-ers, but in such manner as to treat their audiences to something of the beauty of the line, and to the richness of the poetical rhythm?

I wonder if the readers of the *Nation* happen to have seen the interview with Mr. Forbes-Robertson, that master of dramatic diction, which was published in one of the newspapers only yesterday? What the English actor says is so truly to the point, and bears so directly upon the discussion which the *Nation* has itself started up, that I presume to quote freely from his remarks. The trouble with contemporary stage elocution springs, says Mr. Forbes-Robertson, "from the actor's very desire to act well." Perhaps the word "realistically," expresses more precisely what must have been in the speaker's mind. Continuing:

In his effort to appear natural, he [the actor] mumbles his words as too many people do in everyday life. Much of this can be corrected by constantly bearing in mind the true value of vowels, the percussive value of consonants, and the importance of keeping up the voice until the last word is spoken. There must be plenty of wind in the bellows, so to speak. The great thing is to have the sound come from the front of the mouth. . . . The actor must learn to breathe deeply from the diaphragm and to take his breath at the proper time. Too often the last word is not held up, and that is very often the important word. . . . Schools for acting are valuable, . . . but, after all, the actors, like other folk, must be taught how to speak as children in the home, at school, and in society.

The people of the Latin races are, as a rule, better speakers than we Anglo-Saxons. They speak more distinctly and with a better sense of the value of sounds and words. They elide their words, to be sure, but they do it beautifully. We are slovenly of speech, we drop our "r's" and ignore our "ings," not only among the untutored, but more and more among the cultured, especially in England. . . . In Paris the best French is spoken. There the French actor should get his standards. In London the best English is spoken—the English actor should speak as the most cultured do there. In America it is different; there is not much to choose between the English spoken at Boston, New York, Washington and other cities. The American actor should follow the best practice among the cultured of all cities.

I need not apologize for citing so fully the words of one who is not only sane in his views upon right speaking, on and off stage, but who is also a successful exponent of his own philosophy. It is only fair also to add to Professor Gummere's apt discussion of the subject Mr. Forbes-Robertson's comment upon the elocution of the French stage. The art of reading verse may have become well-nigh lost, so far as we Anglo-Saxons are concerned, but even the casual visitor to Paris ought to know that it is not lost to the leading members of the Théâtre Français. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that the proper manner of reading English verse and French is so distinct that the practices of a Mounet-Sully and of a Forbes-Robertson have, in fact, almost nothing in common save a regard for that part of tradition which is sound, and a respect for the poetry of the drama represented.

W.

New York, November 22.

GENERAL MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 18, 1909, you publish a most interesting letter from Mr. Jesse Bowman Young about the movements of Meade's army from and after Gettysburg. Permit me to add some remembrances of my own confirming his conclusions.

At the time of the battle of Gettysburg I was in Washington with a new regiment of infantry. The military authorities there were naturally much disturbed over the situation, and we were dispatched in great haste to join the army under Meade. Arriving soon after the battle of Gettysburg, I found our army encamped at or near a small town called Funkstown. I had previously served upon the staff of Gen. Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, and I now called upon him. He received me kindly, and informed me that he had just returned from a conference of all the general officers, at which they had decided that it was then inexpedient to attack Lee, since

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he had a force about as large as ours, and occupied a position for defence very much stronger than was our position for attack. Our army was so depleted by the three days' fighting at Gettysburg, losing 25,000 men killed and wounded, that my regiment of a thousand men compared favorably in numbers with almost any brigade that had been in the fighting.

Some years after the close of the war I saw Gen. Meade in Boston, and had an opportunity to ask him about the battle. He told me that, of course, he desired to attack Lee after Gettysburg, but regarded the risk as too great.

We were then making every effort to recruit the army by enlistment bounties and draft, but with no great success. Had we met with a disaster following what was called success at Gettysburg, the recruiting would have stopped entirely. Had Lee captured Washington, which was then poorly defended, the political, moral, and foreign effect would have been frightful, and the game of bagging Lee under such risks as these was not worth the candle. Of course, neither Gen. Meade nor any other soldier supposed that this was our last chance to fight Lee, and, if you remember, we won at last under Gen. Meade.

CHARLES L. PEIRSON,
Late colonel commanding Thirty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and brevet brigadier-general.

Boston, Mass., November 22.

LACKS A PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The British republic lacks a President. Is not this the moral of the legislative difficulty in England? If the King had a real veto, the budget bill might be sent back for reconsideration in a perfectly constitutional and unobjectionable way.

That the House of Lords needs complete change to make it a fair court of legislative revision cannot be doubted. But the objection to the present bill seems to be that under the guise of a fiscal measure it carries in it social and political change. This nobody who has read Mr. Lloyd-George's speeches can fail to see.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, Can., November 24.

Literature.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—I.

Gertrude W. Arnold has placed in a compact "Mother's List of Books for Children" (McClurg) titles to suit all ages from two to fourteen, the prescribed span of childhood, and, with the assistance of the supervisor of children's work in the New York Public Library, has given sufficient comment under each to characterize the story. The selection is suggestive, provided one is content to pass over the latest novelty.

In one volume, Charles Welsh attempts with a commendable amount of success to gather together "Stories Children Love" (Dodge), guaranteed by experts who have had opportunity for extensive observation as to juvenile taste. By as fair a system of grading as grading will allow, the editor makes "The Story of A Apple Pie" dwell amicably under the same glaring cover with Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face." Mr. Welsh keeps faith with his selections, but not so the editors of "Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know" (Doubleday, Page), who have in a single volume reduced the great storyteller to terms of one syllable and have shown no fairness because they give only a smattering to each class of reader. Undoubtedly they have some rich material here, but that is Kipling's fault; he cannot be harmed by the commonplace remarks at the head of the selections, printed in excruciating type, and serving as superfluous connective tissue.

Publishers may succumb to the popular demand, but they show feeling in special ways. Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" (Dutton), one of the eternal classics for children, comes to us embellished with delightful and delicate color drawings by Arthur Rackham; as a companion volume, he has likewise furnished illustrations for the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" (Dutton), effectively sketchy in conception and perhaps on that account not as appealing to children as the edition of Lamb, with brilliant color plates by N. M. Price (Scribner). Rackham's volume of "Grimm," as imaginative as his "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Doubleday, Page) and as his "Peter Pan" (Scribner), has just been imported (Doubleday, Page).

For depth of imagination and for majesty of color, nothing exceeds Maxfield Parrish's plates for a group of "The Arabian Nights" tales, selected by Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Miss Smith (Scribner). The editors' introduction is entertaining, and their work with the text seems to be carefully thought out.

One usually associates "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson" together, and deservedly so, apart from the conscious and successful imitation of the latter. This season they are both reissued with double guarantee of their perennial worth. E. Boyd Smith, whose brush and pen are exceptionally clever when not overtaxed, is part sponsor for "Robinson Crusoe," while the unnamed editor in a Publisher's Note (Houghton Mifflin) exploits the excellence of this "kitchen literature." W. D. Howells is beholden to the new edition of "Swiss Family Robinson" (Harper) for his first reading of the story, in order to write the introduction, wherein he makes the discovery that girls are as much entranced by this wrecked household as boys. Louis Rhead's illustrations are decorative and are not at all harmed by the fact that he made his sketches actually in the tropics.

The Lippincotts are to be commended for their holiday editions of such juvenile classics as MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" and Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders." We remember no stories more satisfying than these, and, were it possible to establish a school of writing for children, there are passages in MacDonald we should like to use as correctives for "simple" style.

Ever welcome is Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," and especially so in the Stokes edition with such line drawings as those by Gordon Browne. The charming *format* given to Mrs. Ewing's "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," by the Macmillan Co., will assuredly gain many new readers among whom appreciation will see certain subtleties quite absent in much of our recent writing for children. We prefer the quiet simplicity and quaintness of the cover design for this story to the pretentious color scheme for Rand McNally's edition of Miss Mulock's "The Little Lame Prince," which is nevertheless deserving of examination; the color work shows a certain excellence, though possessing little feeling. Certainly it is devoid of the old-time color which Cecil Aldin has caught for his pictures in Irving's "Old Christmas" (Dodd, Mead), a most commendable Yuletide gift in which our early American author presents his impressions of the rich English traditions.

There are very few Christmas books as such in our season's output. Such an anthology as "The Book of Christmas" (Macmillan), with its introduction by Mr. Mabie, is in some ways striking evidence of our fragmentary hold upon the healthy legendary spirit that educators are driving out, along with Kris Kringle. That is why, apart from the undoubted appeal of Norman Duncan's "The Suitable Child" (Revell), which tells of an orphan boy's Christmas eve on an express train, we welcome his cry against those whose ethics would steal from childhood an atom "of innocent delight."

There is no end of picture books for the youngest readers; the parent, we hope, has a natural antipathy toward the glaring supplement style which we were surprised to find adopted by *St. Nicholas*, when Denslow's pictures and verses, now gathered together in book form, under the title, "When I Grow Up" (*Century*), ran as a serial. The "ambitions" savor, both in observation and in imagining, of the Sunday comic section of the newspaper. In direct contrast comes the modest and distinctive description of "The Animals in the Ark" (Duffield) from the French of P. Guizou, with Vimar's delightfully humorous sketches.

In "The Circus," which is a fairly attractive oblong book issued by the Stokes, E. Boyd Smith shows a decided falling off from his Santa Claus of last year, and from his initial volume recording the fun in Noah's Ark (Houghton). When his brush becomes literal, it loses its felicity. His humor is usually reached through his "asides," and he loses his own facility in trying to keep abreast of three rings in a "faithful" manner.

The Walter Crane picture book, "The Song of Sixpence" (Lane), contains three sets of remarkable drawings by that superior nursery illustrator. The "fairy ships" launched by him bring joy to more eyes than those in the curly heads of youngsters. Of grosser nature, though purporting to have refining effect, Gelett Burgess's "Blue Goops and Red" (Stokes) illustrates the power of conversion whereby the naughty blues are changed into model reds. We fear Gelett Burgess will soon reach the extreme limit of his manners. B. Cory Kilvert's "The Kite Book" gives sufficient adventure (Dodd, Mead) to please the youth needing stimulus, and what the artist lacks in fine humor he counteracts by action sufficiently exciting. He has done better work, and we have seen color plates more exactly registered on the press.

There are two volumes of somewhat similar character. Millicent Sowerby's "Yes-

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terday's Children" (Duffield) is sentimentally charming, while Jessie Willcox Smith's "Seven Ages of Childhood" (Moffat, Yard) is up to this artist's average level. What strikes us as most distinctive about the latter volume, is the verse by Carolyn Wells, with a flavor of excellence rather unexpected, where verse is made to order.

Publishers have different ideas regarding what constitutes the complete Mother Goose. The Stokes edition, claiming distinction on account of Miss Betts's illustrations in color, differs greatly from the large book which is issued by the Dodge Publishing Company. This latter volume, according to the title page, is edited by Walter Jerrold, the same who is responsible for that remarkably sumptuous "Big-Book of Nursery Rhymes" (Dutton), which all children should either have or see. Let us beseech the Dodge Co. to be careful hereafter with their cover designs! This "Mother Goose" is copiously and well illustrated by John Hassall, though he is hardly to be compared with Charles Robinson in his grace and easy use of lines.

The field of biography shades from collections of short accounts, to individual life stories; from individual effort dependent on character, to fame based on historical importance. Unlike Mrs. Wiggin and Miss [illegible] who seem to have a monopoly now on all types of folk-lore, and who this year continue their "fairy literature" with "Tales of Wonder," the fourth in a series (Doubleday, Page), Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lang find it necessary to turn to the heroic in real life. Still retaining their rainbow enthusiasm, they call their newest product "The Red Book of Heroes" (Longmans, Green), in which are presented satisfactory accounts of such figures as Palissy the Potter, the Marquis of Montrose, and Florence Nightingale. The publishers have adopted a *format* altogether rich in general effect.

The individual "lives" narrow down in number to four with any special distinction. Prompted by the same commendable intent which marked her "Boys' Life of Lincoln" (Century), Miss Helen Nicolay has written in similar vein her "Boys' Life of Grant." Mrs. Laura E. Richards, chosen by the Appletons to prepare a story of "Florence Nightingale" for young people, succeeded in making a slim volume, which, if it is slightly marred by a certain condescending style, nevertheless accomplishes a difficult and delicate task with much skill. From the Appletons, also, there comes a more youthful and appropriate biography of "Louisa May Alcott" than Mrs. Cheney's "Life and Journal," which has, up to the present, been the only available record of this great author's career for children to read. Miss Belle Moses has written this very direct and sympathetic book, and she has pleasantly and simply accentuated the charm of the woman whose charm is so easily felt in "Eight Cousins" and "Little Women." Frederick A. Ober continues his "Heroes of American History" (Harper) by writing, with his customary fullness and picturesque knowledge, an account of "Sir Walter Raleigh."

What one might well take to be a human record is the volume compiled by Miss M. G. Humphreys from Catlin's "My Life Among the Indians" (Scribner); it is a book which boys will welcome heartily as being stranger than fiction, however careful the fact. The illustrations are from Catlin's drawings.

Biography readily shades into history and into literature. Francis Jameson Rowbotham's "Story-Lives of Great Authors" (Stokes) introduces seven men in a pleasing and anecdotal manner, while the illustrations by their imaginative character serve to decorate the text. Agnes Carr Sage's "The Boys and Girls of the White House" (Stokes) sweeps over all our administrations in an interesting style, and mingles history and diplomacy with the home life of "Presidential children." John T. Faris's "Winning Their Way" (Stokes) is modelled along the line of Samuel Smiles's "Self-Help"; it is more definitely arranged according to special activities, and gives to each subject considerable space.

We may reach history through the suggestive "Decisive Battles of America," modelled by the editor, Ripley Hitchcock, on books of similar character, though not of equal thoroughness; it is an appropriate companion to Creasy's book (Harper). The chapters are indeed ample in scope, and each one is prepared by a specialist; this type of book, carefully planned, with adequate maps and full index, is one that teachers as well as the layman should welcome. Tudor Jenks, also, in "When America Won Liberty" (Crowell), has written a very satisfactory account of this country's struggle for independence; he has done this in no stereotyped spirit, but has applied the excellent method of viewing a movement or an event in perspective, of picturing the *force* primarily, and of stating the fact secondarily. An age *lives* if treated thus.

HISTORY OF THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.

History of the Harvard Law School and of Early Legal Conditions in America. By Charles Warren. 3 vols. Illustrated. New York: Lewis Publishing Co. $25.

In these volumes, with only two of which we have to deal, the third being a catalogue of past members of the school, Mr. Warren has construed liberally the duty of an historian of the Harvard Law School. The result is that, while the history appeals most strongly to the interest of those who have been connected with this particular institution, it has nevertheless a not inconsiderable value for any member of the profession interested in legal history and legal education in America.

The first dozen chapters, comprising approximately half of the first volume, give a brief history of the early American bar. A short chapter suffices for the consideration of New England Law and Lawyers in the Seventeenth Century; this is followed by a somewhat fuller account of the law and the lawyers in all of the colonies during the eighteenth century, while The Bar and the Law, 1789-1815, especially the Massachusetts bar, receive adequate attention. An interesting account is given of legal education in the eighteenth century, of the early law professorships, the first of which in America was founded at the College of William and Mary in 1779, and of the influential Litchfield Law School started five years later. Mr. Warren has also a word to say on the lawyers and the law of England during the seventeenth and the succeeding century; he calls attention to early American barristers and bar associations, and to the early American law books; and he points out the obstacles and prejudices which, from the Revolutionary War to the founding of the Harvard Law School in 1817, worked against the growth of the bar and the development of legal studies as a science. These early chapters, with another picturing Cambridge and Harvard College in 1817, are a fitting introduction to the history itself.

The first law professorship in Harvard College was established in 1815, when Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, was chosen Royall professor. His inaugural address, delivered in the following year, contained, to quote Mr. Warren, "the first suggestion ever officially made at Harvard for the founding of a separate school of law." Asahel Stearns was appointed University professor of law. He began with one student, and five more entered the first year. The first degree of LL.B. was not conferred until 1820. Mr. Warren's history of the Law School falls, naturally, into half a dozen periods, beginning with the decade or so when the school was under Professor Stearns. The almost complete failure of the school—there seems to have been but one law student in the spring of 1829—Mr. Warren does not lay at the door of the hard-working professor; he attributes it rather to "the expenses of life at Harvard, the lack of a proper building for the school, the prejudice in States outside of New England, as well as within, against the supposedly ultra-Unitarian proclivities of Harvard, the depressed conditions of the national finances during many of the years 1817-1829, and especially the rise of other law schools more conveniently located." The endowment of a law professorship by Nathan Dane within a couple of months after Stearns's resignation led to the immediate appointment of Joseph Story as Dane professor. During the same month the Royall professorship, which had remained vacant since the resignation of Judge Parker two years before, was filled by the election of John Hooker Ashmun. These two appointments set the Law School on its feet again. Furthermore, Ashmun's untimely death in 1833 necessarily brought Story into closer relations with the school.

Ashmun's successor as Royall professor was Simon Greenleaf. With his appointment opens one of the most brilliant and interesting periods in the his-

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tory of the Harvard Law School—the twelve years ending with Story's death in 1845. Dane Hall had been completed in 1832. The number of students grew during these years from about forty to one hundred and fifty; the school became increasingly national in character. It was prosperous financially. The school was in "full blast," as Story expressed it; and though he himself was in Washington part of the time—"sick at heart and longing for the quiet of home and for a good and substantial reason for resigning the bench," as Greenleaf wrote to Charles Sumner, and though the burden of carrying on the school was not light, both professors worked with enthusiasm. Story was an enthusiast, and, for all his discursiveness as a lecturer, fired his students with something of his own spirit. Greenleaf, on the other hand, was concise and clear, confining himself closely to his subject. "Story," writes a student of the early forties, "magnified the civil law and told us of the indebtedness of the world of law to it. Greenleaf magnified the common law and told us of its superiority over the civil law." The completion of an addition to Dane Hall was celebrated in July, 1845, shortly before which time an arrangement had been made whereby Judge Story was to resign from the bench and give his whole time to his Law School work. His death occurred, however, before this plan was carried out.

What Mr. Warren terms the transition period lasted from 1845 to 1850. To fill the vacancy left by the death of Story, Greenleaf was transferred from the Royall to the Dane professorship, and William Kent, son of the ex-chancellor, was appointed Royall professor. This position he held only one year, and Joel Parker, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, was chosen his successor. Greenleaf's ill-health brought about his resignation of the Dane professorship in 1848. Rufus Choate declined the appointment, and Theophilus Parsons was made Dane professor.

In the period between the resignation of Greenleaf and the appointment of Langdell in 1870, Joel Parker, Parsons, and Emory Washburn, chosen University professor in 1856, were the chief figures in the school. In spite of the high standing and distinguished ability of the members of the faculty, considerable dissatisfaction had arisen with the condition of the school during the sixties. The resignation of Professor Parker in 1868, and then of Professor Parsons, foreshadowed a revolutionary change in the methods of instruction. Parsons's resignation was accepted in January, 1870, and on the same day, C. C. Langdell was appointed Dane professor. To quote Mr. Warren, for the first time in the history of the Harvard Law School there was chosen as professor "a young man of no legal reputation (except among the few lawyers who had employed him), a man of no national fame, and a lawyer who had had substantially no court practice." What this appointment accomplished for the Harvard Law School and for legal education Mr. Warren shows in his last eight chapters, covering the administration of Professor Langdell from 1870 to 1895, and of Professor Ames from the latter date to the present time.

Of especial interest is the account of the decade between 1871 and 1881, when the case system and the stricter requirements of the school were on trial. The final chapter sums up the influence of the Harvard Law School and of the case system. The system is well described by Prof. J. B. Thayer:

> The Case System at Harvard is not a method or system of teaching. It is a system of *studying* law. The whole essence of the Case System as we understand it at Harvard is that instead of placing in the hands of a student a text-book on which he has to prepare himself for the exercises with the instructor, there is placed in his hands a very carefully chosen series of cases selected by an expert, and he is expected to prepare himself upon them. The whole essence of the Case System lies, then, in this preparatory study of the subject in hand by very carefully selected cases.

Interesting, too, is the sketch, quoted from Professor Beale, of Professor Langdell as a teacher:

> When we entered his lecture room, we were struck by the massive intelligence of his brow. We admired his severe and almost impassive face, and we seemed to find the quiet, intellectual atmosphere of the cloister. In our time, as a result of his failing sight, he never used the Socratic method in his teaching. He simply talked, slowly and quietly, stating, explaining, enforcing, and reënforcing the principles which he found in the case under discussion. Our note books read like his articles on Equity Jurisprudence; quiet, forceful, full of thought, and requiring close study to follow them. Only now and then, when some subtle point was raised by Judge Mack or Professor Williston (not then judge or professor), his face would light up, and he would think aloud, to the vast delight of those members of his class who could follow him. Those were halcyon days. And once in a great while, something would amuse him, and he would throw back his head with a laugh that seemed to have the full strength of his mind in it.

When it is remembered that there are no official law school records before 1870, so that for the official facts relating to the school between 1817 and 1870 it was necessary to go to the Harvard archives in general; when, moreover, one notes the large number of extraneous sources from which material for this history are drawn, the great amount of research and labor which Mr. Warren has given to these volumes is apparent. On the whole, he has done an excellent piece of work, of permanent value in spite of occasional inaccuracies, such as referring to Prof. J. B. Scott as a former dean of the Law School of Columbia University; giving to genial Dr. O. W. Holmes the title of Reverend; alluding to Col. Shaw of Fort Wagner fame as Robert *Quincy* Shaw, and to the Georgia statesman as Alexander *F.* Stephens. Unfortunately, however, the errors chargeable to the publishers, rather than to the author, are glaring and inexcusable. The first volume is prefaced with two pages of errata; but a careful reading of these volumes discloses almost as many more errors of which no correction is made. It is seldom that a book comes from the press with more, or more exasperating, typographical faults.

Very unsatisfactory also, both in form and in matter, is the third volume an "Alumni Roll" of the Law School, for which Mr. Warren disclaims responsibility. The illustrations, mostly portraits, are poorly done. In view of the somewhat authoritative way in which a history like this is almost necessarily brought to the attention of former members of the institution for their support, one wonders whether there is not a certain quasi-moral obligation on the part of the authorities of the school to guard against the shortcomings of a publisher, which, in the present instance, have resulted in lessening to an appreciable degree the value of the work.

CURRENT FICTION.

Options. By O. Henry. New York: Harper & Bros.

O. Henry's determination not to be recorded in literary annals as the prophet of any particular "section" is emphasized by his latest offering. In "Options," he has brought together stories of New York, Pittsburgh, Georgia, Texas, South America, and the Philippine Islands. Notice of his recent volumes must take account rather of his discovery of fresh scenes and actors than of any marked difference in his approach or development in his highly sophisticated technique. Yet in this collection, there are symptoms, perhaps, of a faint and timorous movement toward romance. Of course, romance must be understood in the earlier Kiplingesque sense—a touch of fine passion or idealism in the day's work. Love is allowed to figure somewhat seriously here and there; but it must still be dealt with brusquely, curtly, and with a touch of ironic disdain befitting the hotel veranda, or the smoking-car.

For the rest, O. Henry remains his familiar self. His unrivalled "timeliness" as a writer of fiction may be suggested by the title of one of these stories —"The Higher Pragmatism." The humor which rises from the juxtaposition of the remote and the immediate can scarcely go further than his comparison of the beauty of a Texas sheep-ranch-

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man asleep to that of a "cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12:30 A. M., dreaming of the plains of Arabia." Nor can much advance be expected upon the artifice of construction which makes "No Story" in reality no story till within a dozen lines of the end, where it suddenly becomes, *ex post facto*, as the author might say, an extremely dramatic incident, and forces the reader to think it all through again. Structural cleverness is O. Henry's darker angel. A sounder impulse is at work in "The Rose of Dixie," which is concerned with an unsuccessful attempt made by T. T. Thacker of New York—who is everything that his name suggests—to boost and hustle a Georgia literary magazine into a paying investment. Here the interest lies in broad type-caricature, sectional contrast, and keen yet genial and equal-handed satire of the confronted Northern and Southern foibles. In a land of highly-diversified provinces, this is a vein worth working; and O. Henry's command of many different local colors is an excellent qualification for the task.

Bella Donna. By Robert Hichens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

After his holidays in the Mediterranean, Mr. Hichens has returned to his bailiwick, or thereabouts. The Nile supplies his scenery, the atmosphere is laden with mysterious scents and cries of the East. He again extends his powers to demonstrate that the East is not what the Cook tourist imagines, and that the "Easterns" are a queer lot. And the demonstration is again prolonged by that process of verbal repetition and attenuation which belongs to those arch-compellers of the inattentive mind, Mr. Caine and Mr. Hichens. Nothing is taken for granted, nothing left to the synthetic or analytic intelligence of the reader, everything is "rubbed in" deliberately and remorselessly. The purely narrative portions of the book might be condensed to a few pages. It contains much less description than "The Garden of Allah" and its successors. Nine-tenths of the space is given to dialogue and the detailed rehearsal of the thoughts and feelings of three of the four characters. These are: a typical youngish blond Englishman named Armine, whose work is the reclaiming of desert lands in the Fayyum; a fashionable London physician of Jewish blood, and a loose woman who has dropped from the great world to the half-world, and finds herself, at forty-two, dangerously near the end of her powers. She succeeds in appealing to the pity and chivalry of Armine, and marries him in virtual defiance of the physician Isaacson, who is the victim's most intimate friend, and perfectly understands the woman's character and motives. The pair set out for Egypt, and on the way fall in with a Turco-Egyptian, Baroudi, who turns out to be a great person in Cairo and throughout Egypt. "Bella-Donna" is already tired of her romantic husband; she and the Oriental understand each other at a glance. Soon after he reaches Egypt Armine's chances of succeeding to a title vanish, and with them the chief guarantee of Bella Donna's respectability. She gives herself secretly to Baroudi, and they plan to dispose of Armine by slow poison. Stray bits of information come to Isaacson in London which make him suspicious, and he hurries to Egypt to find his friend almost *in extremis*. He rescues the husband and unmasks the wife, who is forthwith cast off by her Egyptian lover as an encumbrance.

This, it will be seen, is more direct and forcible than the usual plot of Mr. Hichens. Its treatment, morever, seems to depend less obviously upon an artificial high flavor. It has less of that subtle prurience in which prudish minds delight. As for the persons, they are more nearly "convincing" than any of Mr. Hichens's previous creations—three of them, at least, for Armine is little more than a puppet. Baroudi in particular (perhaps because he says so little) approximates the dignity and solidarity of characterization which Mr. Hichens (again like Mr. Caine) calls upon us so loudly and so vainly to connect with all of his proper names.

John Marvel, Assistant. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This story is written in that florid and ingenuous style which yet survives in Dixie. The hero and supposed narrator is a youth named Glave, for whom Mr. Page evidently cherishes an unaffected regard, but who to the cold Northern eye seems a good deal of a cockscomb, not to say cockerel. He spouts, he swaggers, he takes offence at the least fancied infringement of his personal dignity. We first become acquainted with him at college, where he signally neglects to distinguish himself, except as a beau and blade upon a somewhat antiquated model. Thereafter he becomes a lawyer, nearly briefless for a long time. He makes enemies among the powers, social and political, by refusing to truckle to them. They can do him no real harm; his rise is slow but sure; and having fallen in love with a daughter of the plutocracy, he is in due time made blest. Throughout his adventures he is accompanied, at nearer or farther remove, by a darky and a dog, persons who afford a good deal of mild diversion by the way. The perpetual drunkenness and dishonesty of said darky are regarded by Glave as necessary and even amusing characteristics of an inferior creature, while the impudence of a Pullman porter rouses him to lynching fury. The firmness of Glave's conviction that he is a gentleman is continually goading him to a violent attitude toward such as do not give him all possible elbow-room.

To say the truth, Glave is a not desirable survival of the Southern fire-eater. It is rather tedious to have him and his equally conventional "Angel of Lost Children" so much in the foreground. The other persons of the story—Leo Wolffert, Jew and Socialist—John Marvel, the Christ-like young parson, "assistant" to whomever he might find in trouble—are of far greater interest. And the multiplicity of minor characters and scenes gives an effect—kaleidoscopic, perhaps, rather than panoramic, but certainly a vivid presentation—of various aspects, social, moral, and political, of current American life.

The Big Brother of Sabin Street. By I. T. Thurston. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

Those who have read the story of "Theodore Bryan, the Bishop's Shadow," will remember that he was a little guttersnipe of Boston, who, falling in with "that great bishop that everybody loved," set himself "to live as he thought the great man would have wanted him to live." Such readers will be interested to meet young Bryan again, now a Harvard graduate, giving himself heartily to the work of redeeming young toughs, and to the "cleaning up of Sabin Street." It is a story of settlement work with a leaning to rosy accomplishment, but with rather less than usual of the sickly impracticality of philanthropic fiction. Bryan's temporary loss of courage, Marjorie's repugnances, the boys' obstinacies, and the girls' wilfulnesses, furnish a reasonable number of pricks to kick against. It depends on the personal equation whether any given reader shall find it rather grown-up for a boys' book, or rather saccharine for adult taste. But of its fine aspiration and healthful import there can be no question.

DIPLOMACY.

American Foreign Policy. By a Diplomatist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Our recent acquisitions in the Caribbean and the Pacific are a source of military weakness. Hence we should fortify ourselves by a comprehensive and thoroughgoing diplomacy. Such, in brief, is the main thesis of this book. In particular, the Monroe Doctrine, since our expulsion of Spain from two oceans, has lost all moral prestige, and now carries no further than our guns. Here again diplomacy, by securing the adhesion of possibly interested Powers to the Doctrine, might reduce the chances of war. In general, the writer is a believer in friendly understandings as opposed to treaties. There can hardly be

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too many. Each is in its measure a guarantee of peace. On the part of the United States he advises foresight and a prompt adjustment of all outstanding issues.

Our first step towards assuming our due position in the world should be an *entente* with England:

> While no incentive for hostility exists on either side, with no other Power would the advantages of an understanding be so great or the liabilities so small. England controls the key of the situation for us both toward the Continent and toward Japan. Under existing circumstances were she unwilling, no power could menace us. Nor are such circumstances likely to alter so long as the Continent remains divided. To guard against this (*sic?*) is the primary object of British diplomacy, and her present guarantee against a united Europe lies in the understanding with France. What France is to England England is to us. Hence the preservation of the Anglo-French understanding, and in smaller degree the understanding with Russia, concern us only a little less than the main participants.

This programme obviously opens up too large a matter to be discussed in the space allotted for a review. Speaking broadly, something like the above suggested *entente* seems possible, even desirable. Whether either England or ourselves would gain by hurrying the day is questionable. One must consider the possible irritation of such Powers as Germany and Japan. In fact, understandings are by no means invariably the good which "Diplomatist" considers them. They may be causes of offence. We feel the mooted Anglo-American understanding may be more useful for the present as a potentiality than it could be as an actuality.

Our relations with the Latin republics of America are dictated largely by nearness and remoteness. At the earliest chance we should seek to secure the formal adhesion of the European Powers to the Monroe Doctrine. Evidently, we must give a *quid pro quo*, and here "Diplomatist" regrets that we did not take our slice of the Congo region, buy St. Thomas, take up our share of Moroccan bank stock—accept anything, in fact, that might advantageously be traded off. Diplomacy, to our author, largely reduces itself to such playing for points. To us such advice smacks uncomfortably of smoking-room world politics. If we are to count internationally, it will be precisely because we refrain from all meddling and small trafficking. Algeciras should have taught "Diplomatist" the weight of a disinterested attitude. Returning to the Latin Republics, the United States is obviously in a closer relation to the Caribbean Powers, so much so that we should formulate a definite "Caribbean policy." In this region we should exercise a firm protectorate; be prepared, if need be, to revise awards to European claimants, and prevent these republics from uniting among themselves or with Mexico. Here is a long order with a vengeance, though it is fair to say that between President Cleveland's arbitration at the pistol's point and President Roosevelt's Panama aggression, there is a precedent for pretty near the whole programme. "Diplomatist" nowhere attenuates policy with morals.

In the Far East, it is pointed out, our policy, in contrast with our usual habit of non-intervention, has been consistently an active one. Here there is little to regret except the partial alienation of Japan. How to deal with that growing and ambitious Power is one of the thornier problems of the future. In the matter of regulating yellow labor we should stand in with the British colonies, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, by exchanging with them consuls-general diplomatically accredited. Yet in offering this united front, we should avoid giving a common grievance to Japan and China. To keep them apart should be our effort. It is suggested that we might play Russia off against them both, but to us such a move seems perilous, and calculated to unite the two Far Eastern Powers.

An underlying levity in this book appears nowhere more plainly than in the chapter on the Near East. No one will be surprised that the United States must be represented in the next session of the Berlin Congress. So far, so good. But when it is suggested that we should establish commercial spheres of influence in Asia Minor and beyond, which shall incidentally serve as buffers between England and Russia, the conviction grows that certain portions of the volume were improvised on the steamer between smokes.

What is said about the reorganization of the State Department, with territorial under-secretaries, is sensible, as is the counsel that closer relations should be maintained with the Senate, preferably through a special Congressional secretary. Whoever is able to detect the occasional admixtures of wide speculation and sheer nonsense in this vivacious book may use it safely and with profit.

Inchiesta sulle Condizioni dell' Infanzia in Firenze. Eseguita per incarico della Giunta Comunale dal Prof. G. Mya.

This report includes a detailed study of the vital and health statistics of children under ten years of age during the years 1905-7; a concise statement of the scope and interrelations of the various institutions, public and private, for the relief and protection of children; a consideration of the topographical distribution of the chief contagious diseases (illustrated by an admirable map); an examination of the actual working of the recent maternity law for factories and workshops; and, finally, recommendations of measures for checking the enormous waste of human life. The statistics show the influence upon health of age, taken by months during the first year of life; of birth, legitimate or illegitimate; of seasons of the year; of surroundings; of the health and habits of parents. The diseases of above six thousand children were studied in relation to the health of their parents. The results emphasize the striking connection between parent and child not only in tuberculosis, but in alcoholism, diseases of the nerves, and a few other abnormal conditions, and furnish additional incentive to the fight against these evils. Yet infant mortality is not relatively high in Florence, being 14.4 out of every hundred births for children under one year of age, whereas in Chicago (the only American city cited) the percentage was 26.7 in the corresponding year, 1907.

A general law passed in 1907 requires factories and workshops employing women to permit mothers of nursing children to leave the factory at fixed hours under well-defined conditions, in addition to the usual hours of rest established by law, or to provide a special room attached to the factory for their use. The provision of such a room is obligatory wherever more than fifty women are employed. The state law also requires a certificate of health from a physician before a woman is admitted to such establishments. Employers in Florence appear to have complied readily with these provisions, but through inconveniences of location, distance from residence, the difficulty, the expense, or loss of time in having the child brought to the factory, the law has failed in large measure of the desired effect. The traditional employment of wet-nurses, even by the very poor, and the consequent habit of both communal and charitable institutions of making grants of money for this purpose, and even of supporting the children of the very poor during the nursing period in the Foundling Hospital, have contributed to defeat the law's intention. Its logical development would seem to require not only a room, but all the adjuncts of a day nursery to be attached to every workshop.

While some of the recommendations of this report apply to purely local conditions, the general trend of its conclusions includes important truths. All the statistics show that the maximum of mortality and disease occurs in the first year of life, and that disease is most prevalent during the nursing period. The effects of the illnesses of this period extend throughout life; and where the highest rate of infantile mortality prevails, occurs also the maximum of delinquency, especially of delinquent children. The protection of the newly born and the nursing child is a duty of the community and

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should be exercised as one of its chief public services, not left to private philanthropy, which is not always well-directed and rational, and which ends almost inevitably in recourse to public funds. The city spends a considerable sum annually for a milk fund, and, as already stated, in other measures for the nurture of infants, in addition to their care in hospitals. Experience, illustrated by these statistics, has proved that this money is badly spent with no security that its purpose will be attained. The report, therefore, among other things, recommends that the Commune, following the example of Milan, Rome, and many French and German towns, should appoint, in connection with its Health Department, a special medical service whose duty shall be to pass upon applications of women, demanding grants from the milk and similar funds, and especially to visit at frequent intervals and inspect the nourishment of all those young children, wherever placed, who are supported wholly or in part by public funds and charities. The report appreciates the importance of model tenements but overlooks the value and the obvious need in Florence of public playgrounds and well-distributed, accessible public parks.

History of Scotland. By P. Hume Brown. Vol. III: From the Revolution of 1689 to the Disruption, 1843. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

This is presumably the last instalment of a work which has received recognition on both sides of the Atlantic as the soundest and most trustworthy history of Scotland produced by modern scholarship. The field here covered, 1689 to 1843, especially the latter part of it, does not offer an opportunity for picturesque narrative equal to that dealt with in the two earlier volumes; for it is primarily an age of secular and commercial interests. On the other hand, it affords fresher material than any other stage of the national development; for books dealing with Scottish history since the union of 1706 otherwise than as a side issue of the general history of Great Britain, are still exceedingly rare.

The story opens with an account of the reëstablishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland after the arrival in England of "Dutch William." The admirably temperate and scholarly account of the Massacre of Glencoe deserves a special tribute: "Had it occurred at any period previous to the Revolution it would have been accounted merely as another of the long list of atrocities that are recorded in Highland history." Its exaggerated prominence to-day is to be attributed to the fact that it was the first of a long series of similar outrages to be made the subject of a regular investigation, the demand for which is to be traced rather to personal hatred of Dalrymple, the Secretary of State, and a desire to discredit the Government, than to any awakening of the public conscience. The Scots Darien scheme, of which much has recently been written, next claims Prof. Hume Brown's attention. He discerns in that commercial enterprise a significant illustration of the profound change which came over the national spirit in the end of the seventeenth century, and transformed the Scots "from a nation of theologians into a nation of traders and merchants and economists." The author here strikes the note that remains dominant throughout the remainder of the volume. Commercial and industrial considerations are really the determining factors at all crises of the national history henceforth. "Trade," as Fletcher of Saltoun remarked, "is now become the golden ball for which all the nations of the world are contending." It was for the sake of trade, at the last analysis, that Scotland accepted the Union in 1706, though that acceptance entailed a sacrifice of institutions with which her independence as a nation was inseparably bound up, a sacrifice to which only the instincts of self-preservation could eventually have reconciled her. Occasionally—as in "the 'Fifteen" and "the 'Forty-five," when the Stuart Pretenders were on hand to fan the flames—the old spirit of independence flared up, but the successful repression of these two revolts merely served to establish the new order of things more firmly than ever. The half-century in the history of Scotland that followed "the 'Forty-five" has been described by David Masson as "the period of the most energetic, peculiar, and most varied life"; and foreign observers, at least, would endorse the statement:

> During that period Scotland made her largest contribution to the world alike in the sphere of speculation and practical ideas; in literature, in philosophy, in economical science, she may then fairly claim to have been a pioneer in the opening up of new possibilities for the future of nations. Commerce and the modern spirit had vanquished the Stuarts and the political principles which they represented, and they had concurrently overriden the theocratic ideals which had been the bequest of the Reformation.

With the dawning of the French Revolutionary era, Scotland, like other European countries, entered a new phase of her national life: from revolt against the "despotism" of Henry Dundas, she was soon launched upon the struggle for Parliamentary reform. The last two chapters, on the meaning and results for Scotland of the great Act of 1832, and the "Disruption" in the Scottish Church which occupied the succeeding decade, are somewhat weary reading, and, perhaps inevitably, in the nature of an anti-climax; but it is a period of history which it is difficult to make thrilling. Some surprise and regret will be occasioned by the author's apparent resolve to follow the example of the Oxford history schools (at least until very recently), and break off before the middle of the nineteenth century. For what Prof. Hume Brown has given us, however, we are truly grateful, and we gladly add that his last volume, though covering what in our estimation is a far more difficult field, is thoroughly worthy of the high standard set by its predecessors.

The Philippine Islands. Edited by Emma H. Blair and James A. Robertson. Vols. LIV and LV. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.

The thousands of entries which, in two large octavo volumes, make an analytical index of 968 pages, together with a bibliography of 419 pages independently indexed, display the wealth of the fifty-two volumes of text in this now completed work upon the Philippine Islands, consisting, in the main, of translations from Spanish official reports, together with many of the originals on the opposite pages. These volumes treat, one may add, of almost every conceivable subject that has concerned the Philippines, from the earliest times until the American occupation. They are very rich, for instance, in relation to the Chinese colonization within those limits, and, indeed, concerning southern, or Cochin, China proper. No element of public life seems overlooked, and they expose many of the minutest details of domestic manners. These materials begin with the bulls of demarcation by Alexander VI in 1493 and close with the famous Friar Memorial of 1898, dated barely a fortnight before the fateful first of May.

Notwithstanding its bulk, this thesaurus does not claim completeness; but it is by far the most distinctly first-hand and serviceable English collection to which the student of the Philippine past may turn. Even more valuable in its way is the prodigious bibliography, which accounts for a vast mass of manuscript and printed material in public and private hands. Besides instructive notes appended as required, the volumes are enriched with a liberal historical introduction by Professor Bourne of Yale, and with acute bibliographical notes by James A. Le Roy, an officer of the Philippine Commission when it was engaged in establishing civil government in the islands. It is particularly noteworthy that Le Roy in many particulars discredits Foreman, who has been regarded as the best informed and most impartial writer upon these debatable people and their ways.

Reviewing these original papers and making all allowance for the interested reports of the religious who zealously

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accompanied and encouraged the *conquistadores*, and of the official "relations," upon both of which so much of our knowledge is based, we must admit that the non-Mohammedan tribes were distinctly raised to and maintained upon a much higher plane by the Roman Church than other Malays as a body have ever reached; and, moreover, as Bourne points out, the measures that influenced them were quite similar to those by which the Teutons, for instance, became technically, one may say officially, Christians. One evidence of their progress is the repression of tribal wars, and a vast increase in population has followed a more reasonable mode of life. Thus, from a probable half-million of natives at the time of the conquest, the Christians numbered 830,000 by the middle of the eighteenth century; at the beginning of the nineteenth a million and a half; in 1845 it was calculated that there were nearly 4,000,000, and by 1900 the estimate was 8,000,000 souls. Slavery, as we have known African slavery, was non-existent under the Spanish rule, although in the earlier days forced labor, practical bondage of the recalcitrant natives, and cruel treatment were common enough. A variety of feudal villeinage long prevailed, and a form of peonage for debt, hereditary as well as direct, is perhaps not yet extinct, depending upon traditional, not legal, obligation. However mixed the motives of their masters, these East Indian natives suffered no such atrocities as those of the West Indies; although at first armor and arquebuses opened the way for the cross, and the non-Spanish stock has, of course, been systematically treated as racially inferior. And notwithstanding that from our point of view there were oppression, official corruption, and that lethal overlordship of the state itself to which the Roman Church always inclines, nevertheless what may be called the soul of that communion and much of its working spirit were beneficent. Thus: "In provision for the sick and helpless, Manila at the opening of the seventeenth century was far in advance of any city in the English colonies for more than a century and a half to come." For instance, the Hospital San Juan de Dios in Manila intramuros, was in vigorous, although perhaps not perfectly efficient, operation at the exchange of flags in 1898, and had had a corporate existence for hard on 300 years. The Pennsylvania Hospital was opened in 1752, and the Massachusetts General in 1811, the first institutions of their kind in their respective regions.

This library of Spanish service brings out all sorts of curious information for those who are to develop in permanent shape the history of those days of the sword and the crucifix.

Penguin Island. By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. New York: John Lane Co. $2.

Jacques Tournebroche. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. The same.

These two books wear with unequal dignity their English dress; they well illustrate the difference between girding up one's loins for a *magnum opus*, and merely tossing off a few trifles in idle moments. Upon the merits of "L'Ile des Pingouins" the *Nation* has already made sufficient comment. It is one of the fullest, raciest, and most characteristic expressions of Anatole France's genius, and is likely to remain one of the satirical masterpieces of French literature. It deserves, therefore, a really distinguished translation. So far as we have observed, Mr. Evans's rendering is idiomatic and fairly graceful, but by no means accurate. For example (p. 122), "I perceive that thou art a living being among the shades, and that thy body treads down the grass in this eternal evening" is a very blundering version of "Je reconnais que tu es vivant à l'ombre que ton corps allonge sur l'herbe en ce soir éternel." Again, Virgil in Hell, having just declared that in life he kept to the golden mean—*rien de trop*—says: "J'ai fréquenté modérément le lit des femmes étrangères; et je ne me suis pas attardé outre mesure à voir, dans la taverne, danser au son du crotale, la jeune syrienne." Mr. Evans renders (p. 125): "I have, indeed, to some extent gone with strange women, but I have not delayed over long in taverns to watch the young Syrians dance to the sound of the *crotalum*." By introducing "indeed" and substituting "but" for *et*, the translator has made Virgil apologize for going with strange women, and so has quite spoilt the point of the passage. As both the text and the context show there is no opposition whatever between the two clauses; there is simply an emphasis of pride upon "modérément" and "outre mesure." On page 126, "nuées allégées" is translated "burdened clouds" instead of "unburdened clouds." More serious is the mistake (p. 125) of transforming past tenses of the verb into present, by virtue of which Virgil continues his diet of lettuce and olives in Hell! Furthermore, Mr. Evans takes unnecessary liberties with the length of M. France's sentences, breaking them up or combining them at pleasure.

"The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche" is an odd and rather unedifying mélange of mediæval drummers' stories masking as courtly tales very suave in their indecency, burlesque miracles, monkish tales pointed at the modern clergy, and idylls of innocent childhood. The risky stories are not very merry, nor, if we look upon them as weapons, can we regard them as very dignified instruments of attack upon the Church. The pretty little pictures of children are, on the whole, somewhat insipid. The only really piquant thing about the book is that Gallic lubricity and infantile sweetness are bound up together. The idea of such a union is perhaps original with Anatole France At any rate, it is quite in his vein. Yet it is hardly a great stroke of art. If the "Merrie Tales" had not pressed into English with the "complete works," it would have waited long for a translator.

Wendell Phillips, Orator and Agitator. By Lorenzo Sears. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

To most students of American history, Wendell Phillips is probably known chiefly, if not solely, as the orator of the anti-slavery movement, and it is in this capacity that Dr. Sears principally considers his public career. Beyond this, however, the book has the broader purpose of showing the relation of Phillips to the anti-slavery movement as a whole. It would, indeed, have been strange if, intimate as he was with Garrison and other abolition leaders, and singled out by circumstances and the power of his unrivalled oratory to expound and defend the doctrines and methods of the abolitionists to audiences of every degree of friendliness and hostility, he had not become more than the popularizer of other men's ideas; and it is one of the merits of Dr. Sears's volume that the attitude of Phillips as a leader is well brought out. Analysis of his almost innumerable speeches, and of his course in the proceedings of abolition societies, shows how unmistakable was his radicalism from the start. More than almost any man of equal prominence in his day, he represented the extreme view of the potential equality of the negro and the white; and in this view he seems never to have wavered. Naturally, therefore, slavery appeared to him, not as a temporary phase of advancing civilization, but as always and everywhere an absolute moral evil, to which neither laws nor the Federal Constitution could for a moment give sanction. Naturally, too, he was impatient of delay, scornful of compromise, intolerant of everything save wholesouled devotion to the cause of immediate emancipation, and largely indifferent to the historical episodes in the great struggle through which he was living.

Yet Dr. Sears's volume but confirms the judgment of impartial historians, that it is as an orator and agitator, and not as a thinker or organizer, that Phillips is entitled to be held in worthy remembrance. With the exception of his uncompromising radicalism, his extant speeches and writings afford practically no trace of original ideas on either

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slavery or emancipation, while of constructive statesmanship he cannot be credited with even a rudimentary sense. It has been said of him with truth that he never knew that the civil war was over, but, unlike Garrison, insisted on continuing the anti-slavery agitation in organized form after slavery itself had ceased to exist. Never having known what it was to be beaten, he failed to realize that a victory had been won. But of the power of his matchless eloquence there was, even in his own day, general admission, his enemies themselves being judges. He had every endowment of the orator: a dignified and gracious presence, a musical voice capable of filling the largest hall, perfect command of himself and his theme, unerring apprehension of what was in his hearers' minds, a vast store of pertinent illustration and effective repartee, and exhaustless power of varying the treatment of his one great theme. Speaking for thirty years, and to hundreds of audiences, on the subject of slavery, no one ever complained that he repeated himself. No American ever faced so many hostile crowds, bent, often with the approval of the public authorities, upon denying him a hearing; yet he never failed to compel their attention once his voice could be heard above the din. As time went on, and he became conscious of his powers, he seemed to delight in hurling at his listeners at the outset his most extreme and irritating arguments, confident that the angry outburst of disapproval would later be turned to applause.

Dr. Sears's style suffers from an intrusive jauntiness, but it is at least clear and readable. For the thoroughness with which he has studied his sources, as well as for the skill with which he has avoided writing a history of the period instead of a life of Phillips, he is entitled to praise. The two chapters on the substance and form of Phillips's oratory are excellent examples of analysis and criticism.

The Moral Economy. By R. B. Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Professor Perry's volume has the value and the limitations that belong to the work of those moralists who conceive the problems of conduct to be much like problems in mathematics. There is a little of the spirit of Jeremy Bentham in the book—of a Bentham of wider sympathies, more liberal tastes, and a more ornate and graceful style. Mr. Perry has, at any rate, the Benthamic freedom from cant, the same impatience of subtlety and sophistication, the same hearty conviction of the essential simplicity of ethical questions, and of the possibility of solving them in a certain exact and "objective" manner; it is merely necessary to define a primary, homogeneous unit of value and then apply "moral arithmetic" to the computation of the quantity of such units realized by a given mode of action. The author's fundamental doctrine, in short, is that moral differences are readily calculable, quantitative differences. His fundamental units, however, are not pleasures, but "interests" or "satisfactions of desires." One could wish that he had taken time to make clear the qualitative nature of these, and to establish their commensurability *inter se.* The problem of finding a "logical" ground for the obligation to seek the maximum good of all, even at the cost of absolute self-sacrifice, disturbs Mr. Perry less than it disturbed the utilitarians. To disregard others is to deny that their interests or desires are real—which is a statement contrary to the objective fact. Surely, regarded merely as logic, this confutation of the egoist is a little too simple, and involves some confusion of the judgment of fact with the judgment of worth. Sir Leslie Stephen once somewhat maliciously represented a certain English moralist as holding that the only reason why a man ought not to beat his wife is that he thereby untruthfully denies that she is his wife. Mr. Perry would appear to hold that the only reason why the man ought not to do so is that he thereby untruthfully denies that the wife dislikes to be beaten.

But whatever be said of the technical ethical reasonings of the book, its pervasive moral temper has a wholesomeness and balance and a freedom from the prevalent itch after paradox which make the volume eminently profitable reading for a perplexed and over-sophisticated age. As a college text-book, also, it has many excellences, and perhaps one serious defect. Those who would instil philosophy into the young barbarian at play must often first create in him the doubts from which he is to be delivered. From "The Moral Economy" it is not certain that he will get the impression that there are any real problems to solve or any debatable issues to discuss. He is likely to agree with its vigorous and persuasive affirmations altogether too promptly.

Motoring in the Balkans, Along the Highways of Dalmatia, Montenegro, the Herzegovina and Bosnia. By Frances Kinsley Hutchinson. With map and over one hundred illustrations from photographs by the author. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

The peculiar charm of the region visited in the motor trip described in this book, making it in some respects the most attractive in Europe, lies in the fact that here sea and mountain combine to offer scenery of unparalleled beauty. It is also the meeting point of East and West, for village mosque and Christian church stand side by side, and the veiled Turkish lady leaves the harem to wander through the streets and bazaars with her Christian sister. Every variety of costume is to be seen, from the sheepskin coat of the Bosnian peasant to the scarlet and gold garments with coin necklaces and headdresses of the townswomen. Then, in addition, in the springtime a wealth of flowers and blossoms clothes the mountain-sides, and the air is vocal with the songs of larks, orioles, and nightingales. The start was made at Trieste, and the Dalmatian coast was closely followed to Ragusa. An excursion was made from this place to Cetinje, the capital of the little principality of Montenegro, and one of the most impressive sights was the "unpretentious, comfortable-looking, large, sunny," royal palace, the childhood home of the Queen of Italy and her three princess-sisters. The portraits of Prince Nicola and his wife are the most interesting of the illustrations.

Leaving the seacoast, the travellers crossed the mountain-chain of the Dinaric Alps, and Herzegovina and Bosnia. Vienna was the terminus of this trip of forty-eight days and 1,483 miles. Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative is largely taken up, as is natural, with the daily experiences, many of which are trivial and uninteresting except to the personal friends of the motorists. Too much stress also is laid upon the different costumes and the market and street scenes, which are often virtually repetitions of what has been said before.

The value of the book would have been much increased if some account had been given of the methods employed by the Austrian rulers in the development of the recently annexed provinces; how, for instance, the capital, with its large Mohammedan population —"there are over two hundred mosques in Sarajevo"—is governed. Instead of this, she simply says, "during the last thirty years under Austrian administration much has been done to sweep away the old order of things, to replace the Asiatic by the European, and the attempt has been lamentably successful." Some historical information is given, but the facts are not always correctly stated. Diocletian, for example, was not "born a slave."

The book's chief value is to be found in the information given as to journeys, whether by motor or by rail and diligence, through a country whose wonderful scenery and picturesque people make it a "continuous delight." There is an excellent map of the route on the inside cover, and an itinerary and table of distances give the names of the places stopped at and the hotels—which were excellent.

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Notes.

Viscount Morley of Blackburn makes his first entry into the book-world since his elevation to the peerage in the collection of his "Indian Speeches, 1907-9," to be published by the Macmillan Co.

The late Gov. Johnson of Minnesota is the subject of a biography, written by Frank A. Day and Theodore M. Knappen, which will be published at an early date by Forbes & Co. of Chicago.

The Putnams are to publish in their Memoir Series a volume by Winnifred Cockshott, entitled "The Pilgrim Fathers," and presenting a comprehensive account of the Puritans throughout all their vicissitudes, from their emergence in England to the final absorption of the Plymouth Colony by Massachusetts in 1691. Accounts are given of the early Separatist movement, of the establishment of the church at Scrooby, of the persecutions that precipitated the migration to Holland, of the life of the Pilgrims in Amsterdam and in Leyden, and of their acquisition of new ideals, which were to be perpetuated in their new-world home.

"Lyrics of Life" is the title of Mrs. Florence Earle Coates's new volume of verse, announced for publication on December 4, through Houghton Mifflin Co.

Another book of verse to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. is the collection of lyrics by Louise Imogen Guiney, in a special limited edition.

The Rumford Press of Concord, N. H., will issue, on December 20, a volume containing twenty-four addresses by William Jewett Tucker, former president of Dartmouth College. These addresses, delivered before educational or patriotic gatherings between 1893 and 1908, and discussing many of the responsibilities and problems of good citizenship, are entitled, collectively, "Public Mindedness."

The Harvard Library has received as a gift from Prof. A. C. Coolidge and C. L. Hay, a recent graduate of the college, a collection of four thousand books, principally on Spanish-American history, from the library of Señor Luis Montt, of Santiago, Chili.

On November 4, occurred the reopening of the courses of the Sorbonne, at Paris. The dean of the Faculty of Letters, Alfred Croiset, announced to the assistance, in the Amphithéâtre Descartes, that among the new courses would be a series of public lectures on "American Men and Things," to be delivered in English by Prof. Bliss Perry. There are registered at the Faculties of Letters and Sciences, this year, 2,957 students, against 2,854 for the preceding year. Of these, 1,150 are foreigners, and more than half of the last number, Russians.

The Société des Amis de Victor Hugo will place a bust of the poet outside the farmhouse of Papelotte, near the Waterloo battlefield. Here Victor Hugo wrote a great part of "Les Misérables."

"Leaves from a Madeira Garden," by Charles Thomas-Stanford (John Lane Co.), is a series of rambling chapters concerning the writer's gardens—and their setting—in Madeira. The book is very pleasing. Lacking the time and money for a trip to the island, one cannot do better than to see it through the eyes, quizzical yet sympathetic, of this easy-going observer. His book is by no means confined to gardening; he speaks of history, scenery, politics, the plague, and old furniture—the latter in such terms as to make us envious. A Chippendale chair (to be sure he puts it in quotation marks) for twenty-two shillings! But the best remarks in the book are of the gardens, their beauties, difficulties, gardeners, and climate. A genuine service of the author is to express, in the following sentences, what we all have felt. "It is sad that one of our finest roses here should bear the prosaic name of William Allen Richardson," he writes. "Herr Druschki's wife may, as far as I know, personify all the virtues, but is it not cruel to condemn a supremely pure and delicate rose to bear the harsh-sounding title of Frau Karl Druschki? Nor has Oberhofgartner Terks a pleasant sound to English ears. A Society for the Protection of Flowers from being called Bad Names is one of the crying needs of the day." Catalogue names have, nevertheless, their occasional compensations. Has Mr. Thomas-Stanford never noted the grim humor of the plant-breeder—and he an Englishman!—who called his new cabbage "Tender and True"? Cabbages, and all such northern delicacies, cannot be grown in a Madeira garden, nor can many of our best flowers. But compensation is almost the keynote of the book; the northerner in Madeira makes the best of what he has. One catches the spirit of this philosophy particularly in the closing pages, as the author leaves his gardens to nature and the native during the eight months before his return.

A book like E. V. Lucas's volume of casual reflection and comment, "One Day and Another" (The Macmillan Company), reminds us that the "light touch" in contemporary journalism belongs neither to the French with all their wit, nor to us in America with all our imaginative drollery, but to the supposedly stolid, brawny, and somewhat heavy nation of fox-hunters and rulers of empire. The ordinary French causerie is concerned with really grave matters of life, and civilization, and manners. We, for all our Irish, German, and Japanese slang, are equally taken up with such truly important matters as the tariff, woman suffrage, Polar exploration, or Mr. Roosevelt. But your Englishman goes on writing sentimental little chapters on dogs, and old furniture, and eighteenth-century letters. There is no denying that they do it very well and that Mr. Lucas is not the least among his tribe. Precisely a study of canine psychology is the most delightful essay in the lot before us. When a fine old Scotch collie tells us of his schemes for ridding himself of an upstart rival of a spaniel, and how, on hearing of the success of his efforts, he had to pretend he had a flea to conceal his emotions, Mr. Lucas gets his laugh honestly. Dainty, in a sentimental way, are the two or three pages giving a carrier-pigeon's view of fair France, as you cross it on the way from Barcelona to Brussels. But excellent as these exercises in fancy may be in themselves, a whole volume of them brings satiety. Mr. Kipling has so accustomed us to think of Englishmen as forming hollow squares and taming the impetuous Afghan, that we begin to resent this other Englishman who seems intent on spinning the most gossamer webs in romantic London chambers. As a volume to dip into now and then or to read aloud to visitors lacking the gift of conversation, the book can be heartily recommended.

Sir James Murray's preface to Volume VII of the "Oxford English Dictionary," now completed with the triple section Prophesy-Pyxis (Henry Frowde), lends to this vast undertaking something of that solemnity associated with the Egyptian pyramids and the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. For the building of this monument of English speech, more perennial than marble or brass, had begun when mature men now living were yet unborn; and many of those who spent long years gathering materials for the edifice, some of them with a voluntary and almost religious devotion, have already passed into oblivion. The mortuary roll with its two or three words of tribute and the muster of scores of living collaborators, distinguished in all arts and sciences, detract but little from the impressive impersonality of the work. The catalogue of those who died before the fruition of their labors is, however, extremely suggestive. It helps the remote and vermiculous reader to understand—when he has burrowed out a dozen symbols of speech apparently encrusted in their virginal mould—why he has been forestalled.

The statistical summaries furnished with this issue are unusually interesting. The total number of words recorded by the dictionary from A to P is 264,917. Of this great company 48,870 are marshalled under O and P. Within the limits of these two letters Johnson recorded only 4,485; yet Johnson remains, relatively, the next most copious illustrator with 12,111 quotations. The "Century" with 25,585 words gives 20,340 quotations; Funk's "Standard" with 27,097 words gives only 3,243; the "Oxford Dictionary," considerably improving on Johnson's ratio, gives 175,130. The section O has the honor of containing the longest preposition in the language, *of*, which requires eighteen full columns for its display. The article on *put*, a comparatively modern factotum, is next to the longest that has appeared; and printed like a light modern novel—it is more diverting than some we have read—it would require a volume of 60 to 100 pages. On the other hand, both the article on *Pullman* and the definition of the thing impress us as rather inadequate; "a railway carriage constructed and arranged as a saloon, and (usually) with special arrangements for use as a sleeping car"—is not a very illuminating differentiation. Furthermore, we should like to see *Pullman-porter* recorded, and recorded as a "main-word"—but this is not an American dictionary. In Cudworth's "Intellectual System" (1678) we note two terms not listed here—"Pseudo-Platonick," p. 559, also p. 560, "Pseudo-Platonick Trinity," and "Protagorean," p. 719. In Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix" (1633), p. 547, "Purser" is used with the meaning "cutpurse" sixteen years earlier than the example cited in Prophesy-Pyxis.

Why Brander Matthews's "The American of the Future and other Essays" (Scrib-

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ner), like a syllabub, resembles food, but isn't, your reviewer is a little at a loss to say. It is sprightly, entertaining, clear, at times even forcible—though rarely—and one ought to get "forrarder" with it. Yet one doesn't. Perhaps the reason is that there is an odd lack of accent and a judicious weighing of opposites which efface every impression about as soon as it is made. This balancing method appears most clearly in the half-dozen more or less apologetic essays on our American walk and conversation. We are inordinately wealth-loving, but so has every nation been; our manners leave something to be desired, but our heart is in the right place; we are politically grasping, but learned it from the English, and so were the Romans. All these judgments are indisputable, but only the craving of expectant college audiences for tranquillizing utterance seems to justify their formulation. On the question of the theatre, Professor Matthews is more cogent. The New Theatre actually embodies most of the ideas he advocated some years ago. Again, in the essay on Reform and Reformers—a class whom even his good nature fails to enfold—a more pungent, indeed, a gently vitriolic flavor is noted, and the matter naturally gains in interest. A greater charity for the frailties of reforming human nature might have seemed in order, for the monster raises one of its most frightful heads in this very volume—to wit, spelling reform. Here nobody will dispute a free American author's right to spell as he pleases, but the quoted text of that fastidious talent Aldrich should have been respected. Could Aldrich have seen himself respelled and his pages adorned with such orthographical gems as "reacht," we opine he would have sought retirement and "retcht."

A second edition of A. W. Ward's "Electress Sophia and the Hanoverian Succession" (Longmans, Green & Co.) is now issued in a single handy volume without the illustrations of the earlier edition (Goupil & Co., 1903), but with a certain amount of revision which takes account of the more recent studies of the subject. The changes are in no sense radical, and the work retains its character of sober judgment, with perhaps a slight inclination to magnify the virtues and minimize the faults of the Brunswick family. The list of errata is pretty long, but still fails to note several minor errors, including the odd blunder on the first page of the life of placing the birth of its heroine in 1640 instead of 1630. In one respect the work is fresh. In a long appendix, Dr. Ward gives the original text, with a translation, of thirty-four letters which passed between Königsmarck and the ill-fated Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I, and which, by some unknown chance, have been preserved in the Royal Archives of State at Berlin in a packet inscribed by Frederick the Great. These letters (now, with the exception of two, first printed) fit in perfectly with the correspondence preserved at Lund, and remove any doubt, if such still exists among the well-informed, of the guilt of the lovers. In a French whose spelling (the third letter begins, "Que ne soufertong") recalls that of Thackeray's fine ladies, the princess and the count give vent to a passion of tragic intensity. Nothing, however, has come to light which gives a clue to the mysterious disappearance of Königsmarck.

It is probable that Professor Ward is familiar with the form of the late Arvède Barine's *nom de guerre* and knows that she was a woman, Mme. Charles Vincens, but it shocks one a little, nevertheless, to find in the new edition of his "Electress Sophia" a note referring to the author of "Madame, Mère du Régent" as M. Arvé de Barine. He should have been more careful in respect toward a book which now in its English dress ("Madame, Mother of the Regent," translated by Jeanne Mairet; G. P. Putnam's Sons) may be read as a pleasant supplement to his own. Madame, it is scarcely necessary to say, was the daughter of Sophia's oldest living brother, who succeeded to the Palatinate some time after the death of his father, the "Winter King." By birth she thus had a prior claim to the English crown, and would no doubt have succeeded Queen Anne (she outlived both Anne and Sophia) had she not gone through a farcical conversion to Catholicism, in 1671, for the sake of marrying the brother of Louis XIV. Her home thenceforth was at the court of France, from which she poured out a stream of letters to her aunt and others, which for voluminousness and minuteness of detail have scarcely a parallel in history. Out of this mass of writing, published and manuscript, Arvède Barine has made a volume as amusing and as thoroughly documented as any of her previous memoirs. Madame had a caustic pen; she never ceased to regret the homeliness of German ways and the lusciousness of German sauerkraut; and her amusing comments on the under side of French court life have furnished German historians with abundant material for chauvinism. Part of the amusement of the present volume is the dexterity with which the author turns the tables, showing the miseries of the Palatinate during the Thirty Years' War (when cannibalism became rife), the coarseness of life at Hanover, and the personal causes of Madame's spite against the French. Among the last was Madame's love (or feeling which closely approached love) of the King, and her consequent jealousy of Madame de Maintenon and all others who came between her and the object of her admiration. Altogether the story of her life is wrought into a delightful bit of comedy, not, however, to the neglect of its more serious aspects.

It may be that Ernest F. Henderson's "Lady of the Old Régime" (Macmillan), which is really another life of Madame, was inspired by the French original of Arvède Barine, but his work is based on first-hand acquaintance with the letters, and is in no proper sense an imitation of its predecessor. The weakness of Mr. Henderson's work is its lack of chronological sequence; its chief interest lies in its discursive account of life in the palaces of the Grand Monarque. In these pictures he naturally, while not going so far as the German historians, takes an un-Gallic attitude toward the court. "All are really like cats and dogs as regards each other," he writes, quoting Madame. And again: "Viewed from afar all is brilliant and attractive; but go behind the scenes, look at the ropes and pulleys, and nothing can be more sordid and disgusting. . . . The sadness that reigns here is indescribable." All that is true, if you choose, but you feel that Madame was by nature one of those sharp, cynical wits who would have had much the same report to make if she had lived in a hovel instead of Versailles. It is a pity that Mr. Henderson has not given more of those quotations that contain her philosophy of life. "There are a hundred different subjects," he says, "with regard to which, if space only permitted, one would like to quote Madame"; space would have well permitted, if he had left out much of his discursive story, interesting enough otherwise, of the life about Madame. No doubt, however, he knew his audience, and supplied the sidelights they needed. Nor is solid matter wanting, as in his brief analysis of the economic justification of much of the court's extravagance in so far as it brought the world to France to purchase luxuries. In one respect Mr. Henderson's work is far more enjoyable than the English version of Arvède Barine's: his style is good, whereas the language of the other, though correct enough, is still unmistakably a translation.

The October issue of the *American Journal of International Law*, with which Vol. III ends, contains Part iii of Mr. Hornback's elaborate study of the most-favored-nation clause of treaties, throwing much light on that rather technical and complex subject. It also contains the second part of Hamilton Wright's paper on the International Opium Commission, in which body he was the United States representative. The opium problem assumed great importance from the American standpoint with our acquisition of the Philippines. Not only Great Britain, but also France, the Netherlands, and other Western nations are directly interested, through their colonies. Early treaties, as that with China in 1844, and that with Siam in 1833, made it clear that we sympathized with Eastern governments in their attempts to suppress the habit; and as lately as 1902 Congress has passed restrictive legislation. British officials have negotiated with China, stipulating that importations from India should be gradually diminished, to the point of ultimate extinction, but Mr. Wright shows that at present one-seventh of the 52,688 tons consumed yearly by China is imported from India. The agitation against the habit has, however, rapidly gained momentum. Our own State Department, inspired by the work of the Philippine Commission, inaugurated a new movement: on its initiative the International Opium Commission was appointed and met in China, where it unanimously adopted very definite resolutions and regulations, which, when confirmed by the Powers, will have the force of international law. Here, also, are discussed, in the voluminous Editorial Comment, the Persian revolution, and the Anglo-Russian *entente* relating to Persia. But one of the most significant matters presented is contained in the separately printed and paged Supplement of Official Documents: "A Preliminary Arrangement for Municipal Organization in the Zone of the Chinese Eastern Railway." This arrangement is embodied in a treaty between China and Russia, relating to a part of Manchuria. The surprising fact is that provision is made for the exercise, by the inhabitants, of the elective franchise.

The Rev. R. E. McBride's translations of the choruses of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides

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and the third book of Lucretius published as "The Revellers" (Broadway Publishing Co.) are not to be judged by the conventional canons of literary and philological criticism. They subserve higher ends to which petty questions of metre and phrasing are subordinated. Dionysus is a symbol of The Liquor Power. His conduct in the play is that of the Chicago saloonkeepers, who warned "the friends of decency that this activity must cease, or 'we will burn your churches and cut the throats of your praying women.'" We learn from this drama that "the liquor controversy was on in the fifth century before the Christian era. The venerable poet employs his latest effort in striking a blow at the traffic, and, incidentally, settling a few scores with his former critics and persecutors." This suggestion opens a vein which could be properly exploited only in an imaginary dialogue between the Rev. R E. McBride, Professor Münsterberg, Walter Pater, the ingenious Professor Verrall, and the author of "Testimonium Animæ."

A contributor to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich protests against the overweening ambition of the authorities of Berlin, city and university, to secure for their university a primacy in education. Not only is the drawing off of the best men from the provincial faculties deplored; the lament is added that young doctors of philosophy should consider it necessary to worship at the Berlin shrine "for at least one semester, in order to become *personæ gratæ* at that university. It is even considered dangerous to express convictions and conclusions running counter to those held by its learned authorities." The ambition of the Berlin university to head an academic hierarchy in Germany, and to become the only German *Weltuniversität*, occupying in the Fatherland the position held by the Paris schools in France, is amply sustained by the State, which lavishly pours out its millions for Berlin, while counting out every pfennig the other institutions of equal grade receive. Of the 95,160,000 marks distributed by the government to the nine Prussian universities in the last forty years, Berlin received almost twenty-eight million.

Ludwig von Pastor, doubtless the ablest Roman Catholic historian of Germany, has published the fifth volume of his "Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgange des Mittelalters" (Freiburg-im-Breisgau: Herder), with the special title Paul III (1534-1549). This work as a whole is the ablest presentation of the Reformation period from the Catholic standpoint and an answer even to such men as von Ranke. It is too scholarly to be a mere *apologia pro domo* for the church of the author, and its wealth of new sources makes it particularly welcome to the real student of those troublous times. Special light has been thrown on such historic characters as Eugene IV, Pius II, Alexander VI, Julius II, and Leo X.

New York city will welcome, during Christmas week, at least eight thousand members of various learned societies, which will hold more than thirty sessions. The American Historical Association and the American Economic Association have taken the lead in making the arrangements. The meetings will begin on the afternoon of December 27 and continue through Friday morning, December 31. Among the men of national reputation who will give addresses are David R. Dewey, president of the American Economic Association; Albert Bushnell Hart, president of the American Historical Association; President A. L. Lowell; W. L. Mackenzie, Canadian minister of labor; H. W. Farnam, president of the American Association for Labor Legislation; W. G. Sumner, president of the American Sociological Society; S. N. D. North, acting president of the American Statistical Association; John H. Finley, president of the American Social Science Association, and various foreign delegates: G. W. Prothero of London; Eduard Meyer of Berlin; R. Altamira of Madrid, and C. T. Colenbrander. Addresses are promised also by Profs. F. H. Giddings, W. S. Ferguson, A. G. Keller, J. P. Bretz, A. C. Howland, A. W. Small, C. A. Elwood, R. F. Scholz, F. L. Paxson, C. M. Andrews, H. E. Bourne, F. H. Hodder, and E. S. Meany, and by Waldo G. Leland of the Carnegie Institution and Paul Diesernd of the Library of Congress. On December 27, at 8 P. M., there will be a citizens' meeting of welcome at Carnegie Hall, with Joseph H. Choate presiding, and President Taft, Gov. Hughes, Mayor McClellan, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler among the speakers. On Tuesday, the 28th, meetings will be held at Columbia University and at the New York Historical Society, and a luncheon and reception to members of all the associations at Columbia. On Wednesday, the chief meetings will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and on Thursday, conferences at Columbia University, at the Merchants' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, etc. On Friday, further meetings will be held at Columbia University and the Waldorf-Astoria, and a special train will take the representatives of the societies to West Point. These meetings mark the twenty-fifth anniversaries of the American Historical Association and American Economic Association.

On November 15 the Cotta'sche Buchhandlung in Stuttgart, one of the oldest and most important publishing houses in Germany, celebrated the 250th anniversary of its foundation. The Cotta family was of Italian origin, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries held the highest position among the nobility of Lombardy. In 926 Andrico Cotta was chosen Archbishop of Milan. Among their ancestors the Cottas included the Roman prætor L. Aurelius Cotta, and they trace their descent back to Aurelia Cotta, the mother of Julius Cæsar. Early in the fifteenth century Bonaventura Cotta migrated to Saxony and acquired an estate near Dresden. Other members of the family settled later in Eisenach, where they soon distinguished themselves as ardent adherents of Luther. John George Cotta, who was born in 1631, became a bookseller, serving six years' apprenticeship with Mervius in Wittenberg, and later marrying the widow of Brunn of Tübingen. To his wife's book-shop Cotta added a publishing house under his own name. Before his death in 1692 he had become one of the most celebrated publishers in Germany. Later the house which he had founded was moved to Stuttgart, where it remained in the hands of the Cottas for seven generations. On the death of Carl Baron von Cotta, in 1888, the business was purchased by Adolf Kröner, who, in 1901, opened a branch establishment in Berlin. In connection with this rare celebration the publishing house has also issued a large "Jubiläums-Katalog," containing 407 pages of authors and composers, including the most illustrious Germans in the departments of literature and music, and adorned with portraits of the founder of the house and his five successors. An interesting supplement to the catalogue is the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller with Cotta from 1794 to 1831.

Arthur William Moore, since 1898 Speaker of the House of Keys, died recently at his home in the Isle of Man. Born in 1853, he was educated at Rugby and Cambridge. As the chief authority on Manx history and customs, he was editor, 1885-1887, of the "Manx Note-Book." He published also "The Surnames and Place-Names of the Isle of Man" (1890), "The Folk-Lore of the Isle of Man" (1891), "The Diocese of Sodor and the Isle of Man" (1893), "Manx Ballads and Music" (1896), "A History of the Isle of Man," two volumes (1900), and "Manx Worthies" (1901).

From Paris is reported the death, in his seventy-seventh year, of Camille Bainville, author of numerous works inspired by sojourns in the Orient, in Greece, and in Italy.

The death of Edmé Piot at his home in Saint-Mandé, aged eighty-one years, is announced. A capitalist and contractor of the Côte d'Or, he was, besides, counsellor-general and senator for his department. With Bertillon, he was an early and active propagandist of the repopulation of France, in which connection he figured as the author of two pamphlets, "Enquête sur la dépopulation de la France" (1900), and "La Dépopulation" (1902).

The poet and painter, too, Valère Bernard, has been elected *capoulié* (chief) of the Association Félibréenne, of which the author of "Mirèio" (Mireille) is the honorary president. M. Bernard succeeds in office M. Devoluy, and the election took place in the rooms of the Muséon arlaten. The new head of the *félibres* is the author of a novel, "Batagatouni," descriptive of the Marseilles of an older generation, and of poems which, gathered together under the title, "Paouriho," are accepted as among the best products of the Provençale Renaissance. To these books, and the several others which we have not mentioned by title, are shortly to be added a volume of short stories, "Feruno," and a new volume of verse.

From Alsfeld is reported the death of Dr. Max Rieger, in his eighty-second year. He was once an authority on the older German poetry, and the author of controversial essays, "Zur Kritik der Nibelunge," etc., of "Klingers Leben und Werke," and "Der falsche Baurat."

Science.

SETON'S ANIMAL BOOK.

Life-Histories of Northern Animals. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $18 net.

To the American and English publics, Mr. Seton is very much *persona grata;* and this is his monumental work. Its scope is suggested by the sub-title: "An Account of the Mammals of Manitoba";

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but it is by no means bounded by it. The first volume is devoted to "The Grass-eaters," and it includes not only the hoofed animals, but also the rodents, to a total of twenty-nine species. The second volume is given up to "The Flesh-Eaters," and it embraces the true carnivora, the shrews, the moles, and the bats—thirty species in all. These species do indeed inhabit Manitoba; but all of them inhabit regions far beyond the borders of that province, and therefore the author's results cover animals that are quite as much at home in the United States as in Canada. Indeed, if a balance were to be struck, it is probable that the greater part of Mr Seton's discourse would be found to apply southward of the international boundary.

It is quite impossible to give within available limits anything more than a bird's-eye view of this really great and also delightful work. First of all, the reader must be assured that it is a serious, scholarly, exact, and at times almost painfully conscientious work of science, yet made clear and "popular" for the benefit of the reading multitude and having also the most understandable and charming dissertations on the various habits of wild animals that have ever been laid before the public under the rules of science. The only thing in any way against the book is its price, but the reader soon becomes convinced that such a wealth of illustrations, maps, and beautifully-printed text could not be produced for less money.

Each of the fifty-nine species included is admirably handled, and with satisfactory fulness of detail. There are no long and tiresome lists of synonyms, descriptions of characters already well known, and anatomical details that are interesting only to the comparative anatomist. Whenever a species is thrown upon the screen, the author plunges at once into a consideration of the facts regarding it that are most interesting, most valuable, and freshest to the reader. Each species is considered systematically under thirty distinct heads; but the author is "shocked to find in how many cases the heading is missing, because there are no facts available for classification under it." With the smaller forms, and especially the earth-dwellers, this is not at all surprising.

It is interesting to note in detail the sub-heads under which this lover of wild animals classifies his knowledge. First of all, it is to be remarked that, contrary to the custom of those scientific writers who use Latin names only, Mr. Seton gives English names the important place, and treats the ever-changing Latin terms as the by-product that they really are. His descriptions aim to give "the impression that the animal makes when seen alive," and "the points that will distinguish it from its nearest relatives." The measurements given are only those that are of prime importance. His facts and figures relating to the speed of animals are new and most welcome; and so are the many admirable illustrations of tracks and feet. As an authority on tracks, Mr. Seton's book will be welcomed by thousands of persons who are seriously seeking to become skilled in woodcraft.

The subject of scatology—the droppings of animals—is here treated in *extenso* for the first time; and the publishers have courageously, and in the true scientific spirit, published Mr. Seton's very illuminating drawings in excellent form. Every outdoorsman who goes into the haunts of wild animals will gladly certify to the value of this section, and thank the author for the first information of importance, so far as we are aware, ever published in English on this subject.

The mind of the animal, its environment, geographic range, home range of the individual, migrations, numbers, food, property rights, storage habits, social habits, language, senses, amusements, mating habits, and mental and moral traits generally—all have been set forth for each animal, so far as knowledge was available. To many readers, the most interesting and valuable side of this work will be found in the observations of the author on the mental and moral life of wild animals.

In elucidation of the geographic ranges of his fifty-nine species, Mr. Seton has with great labor wrought out sixty-eight maps, nearly all of them of full-page size. Only those who make such maps can appreciate the amount of research that they cost. As a rule, the maps show not only the geographic range of the species specially considered, but also that of each of its nearest relatives. For example, the caribou map shows not only the range of the woodland caribou, but also the ranges of the entire nine other species found in North America; and they are now mapped in detail for the first time. It is noticeable that in the map of the author's own working range, his red line of travel goes up to the barren grounds of Canada, north of Great Slave Lake; but we regret the absence of the musk-ox from the life-histories. We do not place high value on the map of the faunal areas of North America. Like every map of its kind, it is too elaborately complicated, too much like a geographic puzzle, to be of great use. The impression that it leaves upon the mind is distinctly chaotic; but that is not the fault of the author.

The most important animals treated in the 1267 pages before us are the Canadian elk, white-tailed deer, mule-deer, moose, woodland caribou, prong-horned antelope, bison, grizzly bear, and black bear. In space and attention all these are treated liberally. The text brings each species squarely down to date, although it is to be noted as an exception that the moose recently introduced in the Adirondacks, to restock the northern wilderness, are all dead, and that this very commendable effort has ended in failure. The mountain sheep, mountain goat, and musk-ox have not been included, because they are not found in Manitoba. Among the smaller mammals treated are seven species of the squirrel family, the woodchuck, beaver, the muskrat, twelve species of mice and voles, the gray gopher, Canadian porcupine, and three rabbits and hares. All these are in the first volume. The second volume contains the Canada lynx, four wolves and foxes, ten valuable fur-bearers of the marten family, the raccoon, two bears, six shrews and moles, and six bats. Incidentally, we do not subscribe to the author's new notion of writing the English name of *Ursus americanus* as "blackbear."

One of the most novel and interesting features is the wealth of new information, set forth with the aid of many plans and drawings, illustrating the underground life of the burrowing animals. All this is absolutely original, and reveals years of painstaking observations. In this field Mr. Seton's pencil has given him an advantage over the ordinary naturalist, and he has used it to the utmost.

As might be expected of Mr. Seton, the illustrations of this work are well-nigh all of them by his own hand, the two volumes containing, in fact, 560 drawings by the author. In this day of many camera pictures of young wild animals in captivity, and of other photographs that fail to illustrate thoroughly their subjects, it is a pleasure to open a book liberally supplied with well-executed drawings that show precisely what the reader wishes to see. Take, for example, the plate of the Eastern chipmunk, after page 336. We venture to say that the camera has not been made that can catch and record from the living animal such an abundance of desirable details as are so beautifully shown in that hand-made plate. In the photographing of living animals of small size there is a point beyond which the camera cannot go. At the same time, not all of Mr. Seton's drawings are perfect. The cow bison in plate xxii was not drawn from a healthy, typical specimen; and the legs of the grizzly bear in plate lxxxviii are blacker than those of the black bear in plate xcvii; but such small defects as these are "trifles, light as air" in comparison with some of the shortcomings of the camera when conditions are not quite right.

"Life-Histories of Northern Animals" may well be called a sumptuous work. As a specimen of modern bookmaking, it is delightful. Its typography, paper, presswork, and arrangement are all that could be desired, and its index is exceptionally good.

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Drama.

Shakespeare und unsere Klassiker. Band I: *Lessing.* Band II: *Goethe.* Von Arthur Böhtlingk. Leipzig: Fritz Eckardt Verlag.

Looking up to Shakespeare as the "King of Poets," beside whom Goethe, at best, may be regarded only as *der Dichterfürst*, and recollecting Lessing's convincing query in the "Dramaturgie," "Is it Shakespeare, always Shakespeare, who understood everything better than anybody else?" together with Goethe's memorable outcry, "*Shakespeare und kein Ende!*" Böhtlingk has sought to show, in three volumes, the enormous indebtedness of German literature to the English, and, in particular, the indebtedness of the three greatest of modern German writers to Shakespeare. In volume one he treats of Lessing, and endeavors to indicate when and where the reformer of the German drama came upon Shakespeare, how he appropriated him and thereby developed as he probably would not have done if left entirely to himself, until at last he was able to pass the glowing torch on to Goethe. In volume two, Böhtlingk follows the well-known paths of the youthful Goethe at Leipzig and at Strasburg where he met Herder, searches for the evidences of the English master in the various masterpieces of Goethe, and crowns all by the declaration of the author of "Faust" himself, on the evening of his long life, that without Shakespeare he could have attained to nothing. In the third volume, announced, but not yet published, the author expects to prove that even Schiller, with all his native talent and his fortunate apprenticeship under Goethe, picked up some of his best chips in the "Will of all Wills'" workshop.

In a preface to the series, Böhtlingk sketches the relation of Shakespeare to various world celebrities, including Dryden, Voltaire, Hugo, Tolstoy, and even Bismarck, and laments that so little should have been done hitherto, by Germans or Englishmen, to make clear the beneficent effect of Shakespeare on later German letters. Starr and Gervinus both slipped by the index-fingers, and Erich Schmidt, Lessing's biographer (as a self-constituted deity after whom no one need attempt any criticism of Lessing!), refused to hear aught of Shakespeare as a guiding star to his hero. Alois Brandl alone had the sagacity and courage, according to Böhtlingk, to claim for Shakespeare the fullest homage from the Germans, and he but indicated the path that should be followed. Had Böhtlingk contemplated, however, a more scientific form for the results of his researches, and a bibliography, he would probably have cited various stray contributions on this subject that have appeared in the Goethe *Jahrbuch*, the publications of the German and the English Shakespeare societies, and elsewhere.

How did Lessing come upon Shakespeare? Not, as many have supposed, through Von Borck's translation of "Julius Cæsar," which was too miserably done to have attracted any one with a grain of genius. Lessing probably first came in touch with the English bard through Mylius, who, though a *Schwärmer* for Gottsched, had a general interest in the theatre. It was not long before Lessing broke away from Gottsched, and though he did not move towards Shakespeare in particular, he did make for the English stage. To the end of his work on "Miss Sarah Sampson," Lessing had but a faint idea of the real Shakespeare, the best evidence of which is his excessive admiration for Dryden. Lessing was made aware of Shakespeare as a ruler of the stage through Voltaire's "Letters from England," and in the English playwright the great German was born again. The full flood of Shakespearean life in Lessing is first seen in "Minna von Barnhelm," where Böhtlingk finds numerous points of similarity. In Minna and Franziska he discovers Portia and Nerissa; the fortunes of the ring given by Minna to her lover recall the ring in the "Merchant of Venice"; the dialogue in general has a flavor of Shakespeare about it, and there is a Shakespearean reminiscence in the contrast of serious and comic in the Saxon comedy. The *Grundakkord* of Lessing's "Minna" is the sentiment of the familiar lines, "How far a little candle throws its light!" In the over-conscientious Tellheim, also, we are expected to see Hamlet's stern idea of truth, though we are also told that Lessing, in portraying the passionate major, had in mind the earlier and more immortal Moor of Venice. Only a trace of Shakespeare is apparent in "Laokoon"—Lessing's reference to the English poet's method of depicting ugliness; but Emilia Galotti's father is none other than Othello in German garb, while the Prince and Emilia are Romeo and Juliet. Finally, "Nathan der Weise," the last fruit of Lessing's busy pen, and imbued with his ever-increasing admiration for the English dramatist, is so full of Shakespeare that it might well be called the "Merchant of Jerusalem." Never did any one warm himself so modestly at the hearth of a stranger as did Lessing in his early acquaintance with the stimulating Shakespeare; but, just as Lessing maintained that only a genius could awaken a genius, so, when once inspired by his English master, he easily surpassed all his German contemporaries.

Goethe, on the other hand, came under the spell of Shakespeare earlier in in life than Lessing, and not merely through Herder, but also through Lenz. Goethe perceived in his English model not a dramatist, but nature itself, and thus more easily fashioned his strenuous "Götz." "Hamlet" contributed much also to "Werther," "Faust," and "Egmont," and Goethe's analysis of "Hamlet" is to-day of great value for the understanding of both the English and the German poets. "Macbeth" also helped Goethe to fashion "Faust," especially the scene of the *Hexenküche.* "Wilhelm Meister," in part at least, is almost a second edition of Shakespeare, in another and prose form. Only when Goethe was busy with his "Iphigenie" did he swing away somewhat from Shakespeare, and simply because of their different attitudes toward the antique: while Goethe would wed himself to the ancient *Kultur*, Shakespeare rather toyed with and made sport of it. Yet notwithstanding that, and the contributions of the French school to Goethe's mental advancement at this critical juncture, Shakespeare remained much to him, and, as director of the Ducal Theatre at Weimar, he staged Shakespeare repeatedly, and so contributed to the latter's popularity in Germany. Finally, the "Tempest" sweeps through the second part of "Faust."

Summing up Goethe's relationship to Shakespeare—a theme, as we know, that Goethe frequently selected in his chats with the Boswellian Eckermann—Böhtlingk finds that his indebtedness to the Briton cannot be estimated too highly. Great as Goethe was, and necessary as it is to remember that, after all, he is what he made out of predecessor and contemporary by stamping his own magnificent ego upon them, Goethe appropriated Shakespeare so thoroughly that he derived from him ethically, æsthetically, and in a religious sense, almost his entire *Welt-* and *Lebensanschauung.* And thus it was that, white-haired and full of wisdom, he still described his early acquaintance with the poet-genius as the experience of one who suddenly came upon the source of his very being. "I sprang up into the free air," said Goethe, "and felt for the first time that I had hands and feet!"

Of the many series now being published in England and Germany on the old English stage, none is more attractive in form, and few, if any, more useful in content, than that of the Malone Society. The six volumes of 1907 are now followed by a second six, which include five plays and a continuation of the "Collections" of the earlier issue. The plays are: "The Old Wives Tale" (1595), "The Tragedy of Locrine" (1595), "The Tragical Reign of Selimus" (1594), "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle" (1600), and "The Interlude of Calisto and Melebea" (c. 1530). The object is to present exact type-facsimiles; and to this end the printer, where possible, is provided with a photographic reproduction of the original, while the proof is not only read by the editor of the particular volume, but is also checked by the general editor, W. W. Greg. In the introductions there is no attempt to discuss debatable matters, but in some in-

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stances the editorial work is otherwise heavy. Thus, to the first quarto text of "Sir John Oldcastle" the editor, Percy Simpson, has added a complete list of the variants in the second quarto and a few in the folios. The most important part of the "Collections" is that which contains the documents drawn from the Burghley Papers. Many of these have already been printed by J. P. Collier and others, but they are here for the first time brought together. To go through them is to get another notion of the many-sided activity of the great Sir William Cecil; it is to have impressed on the mind also the fact that from a very early date the theatre was more or less an outlaw in the state, and a centre of disturbances.

Marguerite Merington, a playwright of some experience, has undertaken the thankless and unnecessary task of making another stage version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Duffield & Co.), a tale whose immortal charm is almost wholly literary and vanishes when description is translated into action. For modern stage purposes the mere incidents are for the most part antique melodrama of the clumsiest description. Mr. Wills, by omitting many and modifying other details, succeeded, in his "Olivia," in preserving a few whiffs of the original fragrance. Miss Merington, less judicious, has, by a sadly mistaken fidelity, succeeded only in turning an exquisite story into a singularly awkward and preposterous play.

Very likely the biography of Ernst von Wildenbruch, now in preparation, will tell us whether it was by mere coincidence or by a romantic return to an early love, that the dramatist was prompted in the closing hours of his life to take up again a theme similar to that once selected for a youthful theatrical essay. In "Der deutsche König"—the drama staged for the first time on November 2 in the Königliche Schauspielhaus in Berlin—one is reminded of the original draft for "Die Karolinger," and of Wildenbruch's most popular late production, "Die Rabensteinerin." The action occurs a thousand years hence, and the Saxon is once more threatened by the Hun. Possibly no previous drama of Wildenbruch's excels this one to which, with the accumulated experience of a warring lifetime, he put the final touches but shortly before his death.

From Paris comes to us the first volume of the "Théâtre complet" of Edouard Pailleron, author of that play of undying popularity, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." It is a pleasant reminder that the dramatist wrote, before he composed the play named, charming pieces in verse: "Le Parasite," "Le Mur mitoyen," "Le Dernier Quartier," etc.

Paul Bourget's play, "Divorce," a dramatization of his novel of the same name, of which an English version by Stanislaus Stange was produced in the Lyric Theatre on Monday afternoon, is not likely, for several reasons, to excite public interest here as it did in Paris. There is here, for instance, no general political conflict between civil and religious authority; the theme dealt with is vital to only one section of the community; the premises from which the dramatic action proceeds are too plainly devised for debating purposes to give the illusion of reality, and the acting is not brilliant enough to make the academic characters human and sympathetic. But the chief weakness of the piece, in its present shape, lies in its pusillanimous conclusion. At the final crisis it dodges, by means of a compromise, what ought to have been the catastrophe. Gabrielle Darras, married in the Roman Catholic faith, sacramentally, gets a civil divorce from an uncongenial husband, after bearing him a son, and enters into a civil contract with an intellectual atheist, whose views she gradually, but not entirely, adopts. Her daughter, born of the second union, is reared, by prenuptial agreement, in the faith, and in time reconverts her mother. The son, meanwhile, hating his stepfather, falls in love with a Socialist nurse, a believer in free union, and offers her marriage, although she is already the mother of an illegitimate child. He insists that his case is parallel with that of his mother. Out of these complications a number of ingenious emotional situations are constructed. Finally Gabrielle, her first husband having conveniently died, prompted by a priest, tells her second that she will live with him no longer, unless he weds her religiously. He refuses, declaring that such an act would be a practical admission that they had been living in concubinage. In this dilemma she appeals to the priest, who strangely tells her that she must remain in her home, in the hope that her husband's love will prevail over his rational convictions, as, at the last moment, it is made to do. So the play ends with the triumph of expediency, where faith and morality could only offer a deadlock. This is the real lesson of the play, although it is not the one designed by the author. If M. Bourget wished to prove that in contracts law is less potential than a creed, he has failed in his demonstration.

Miss Grace George will play Lady Teazle in the revival of "The School for Scandal" at the New Theatre on the evening of December 16. She joins the company for that play only. The cast throughout will be interesting. Matheson Lang, the English romantic actor, who was recently engaged, will make his first appearance here as Charles Surface. The Sir Peter Teazle will be Louis Calvert; the Joseph Surface, A. E. Anson; the Sir Oliver, Jacob Wendell, jr.; the Mrs. Candor, Miss Rose Coghlan; the Sir Benjamin Backbite and his uncle Crabtree, Messrs. Gottschalk and Bruning; the Rowley, Cecil Yapp; the Maria, Miss Olive Wyndham, and the Moses, Lee Baker.

"The Man of Iron," a new play by Israel Zangwill, will be produced this season by Liebler & Co. The theme is universal peace. This is the seventh play which these managers have bought from Mr. Zangwill, including a dramatization of "The Mantle of Elijah," which has not yet been produced.

"A Russian Tragedy," the one-act piece which Sir Herbert Tree has just produced at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, is an adaptation by Henry Hamilton from the Russian of Adolf Glaes. It is the story of a woman who, eager to avenge the death of her lover, seeks out the governor of the jail who directed his execution and, playing the part of la Tosca to his Scarpia, murders him in cold blood. Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays the part of the heroine.

The historical play, "Beethoven," based on the life of the composer and accompanied by orchestra selections from his works, which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree recently produced in London, is among the new productions promised for next month by the New Theatre.

On November 23 a deputation of English actors presented to the Comédie Française, on behalf of their profession, a memorial to Coquelin *aîné*. The deputation consisted of Sir John Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham, Arthur Bourchier, and others. The design for the memorial, in the form of a bronze shrine, was suggested by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and it was executed by Gilbert Boyes.

On November 2 the monument to Constant Coquelin, the work of Binet, with a bust by August Maillard, was unveiled at Pont-aux-Dames, in the Retreat for Aged Players founded by the comedian.

From Lyons comes an account of the first performance, unless at Brussels, of the "Mangeront-ils?" of Victor Hugo. The production of the drama, at the Théâtre des Célestins, was preceded by a lecture by Léo Claretie.

The new comedy at the Athénée, in Paris, is the work of Gaston Devore. It has for the central figure an eighteen-year-old maiden whose mother has brought her up in absolute ignorance of all things wherein sex is concerned. Her mind, indeed, is the "Page blanche" which gives the piece its title. "Our young contemporaries err, rather, in an excess of knowledge," writes one of the critics of the piece, who finds M. Devore's Juliette too naïve a character to be truthful. Described as an *œuvre à idées*, the play has also abundance of the Gallic salt. The thesis defended is much the same as that of Wedekind in his "Spring's Awakening."

Madame Dinah Félix, sister of the famous Rachel, has died in Paris, at an advanced age. Her sister, the great tragédienne, she had mourned with a marked devotion for a quarter of a century. As early as 1847, at the age of ten years, Dinah Félix appeared on the stage which she was long to occupy as a soubrette of the Odéon and of the Comédie Française. Her first appearance at the latter theatre was in 1863, in the "Folies amoureuses." In the part of Lisette, in Marivaux's exquisite comedy of "Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," and in that of Dorine, in "Tartuffe," she was for twenty years a favorite of Parisian theatregoers.

Music.

Success in Music, and How It Is Won. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The chief musical critics of America are at present quite unanimous in giving reminiscences. Mr. Krehbiel of New York began this fashion recently, with his "Chapters of Opera." Mr. Upton of Chicago followed with his "Musical Memories," and now comes Mr. Finck with his "Success in Music." All three of these books deal largely with the personal experiences of the authors and describe the acquaintances made in art circles by veteran critics. But Mr. Finck's volume goes considerably beyond this, for he interpolates shrewd estimates of the various artists and also gives several short essays that are of

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value to the student in music. The personal pronoun is used in this work (as in the other two) and adds to the informality with which the information is imparted. The author's own musical reviews in the *Nation* are freely quoted, of which the reader will be glad, for many of these deserve more than the evanescence of journalism.

The book begins with some interesting statistics as to the pecuniary returns of a musical career. Much curious matter is here assembled. We learn, for example, that the great Flonzaley Quartet gave a public concert in Cologne to which only three tickets were sold and that the well-known composer Pfitzner was less fortunate than this, for he sold none at all to his recital of some of his important compositions. The financial data range from "The Merry Widow" to Brahms, and seem reliable as well as interesting. Yet we venture to doubt that the publishers of Winner's "Listen to the Mocking-bird" made *three million dollars* out of that song, for that would mean at least one copy in every household of the entire United States.

There follows a number of biographies that have especial interest. In order that he might carry out the promise of his title, Mr. Finck has included, among the singers, accounts of Catalani, Jenny Lind, Pasta, Schroeder-Devrient, and other celebrities of a bygone epoch. Of these he has little new to tell us. But it is quite a different story when he reaches the lives of Patti, Nilsson, Tetrazzini, Lilli Lehmann, Brandt, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Mary Garden, Nordica, Farrar, and Eames. Here his foot is upon his native heath, for he has a personal acquaintance with nearly all of them and his pages glitter with many personal anecdotes and conversations.

It is a quite natural phase of heroine-worship to desire to know all possible details of the *primè donne* of the present, and there is no work that puts us so closely in touch with them as this volume. Boswellian detail (without Boswellian servility) makes the biographies of Sembrich, of Lilli Lehmann, and especially of Schumann-Heink and of Geraldine Farrar, models of their kind. The letters of Miss Farrar to our author and his wife are one of the most delicious surprises in the volume. The artist is revealed in an entirely new light and stands higher than ever before because of the revelation. Here we find art-study of the sincerest and most intelligent kind, and many a music student will be astounded to discover how many channels there are for self-advancement. Male singers are also passed in review in this book, and Maurel, Renaud, and Wüllner bring this portion of the work quite up to date. On Jean de Reszke our author has two chapters explaining why he is supreme among all tenors and teachers.

A procession of pianists is ushered in by a well-studied estimate and analysis of Chopin, both as pianist and composer. A parallel is drawn between Liszt, the king of the piano, and Paganini, the virtuoso of the violin. Bülow, Rubinstein, and Paderewski are next estimated and described. In the case of Paderewski, Mr. Finck again uses superlatives. We note that he does not cite the comical view of that blundering music critic, Bernard Shaw, who, at the end of Paderewski's first season in London, found that "at last he almost displayed a little of temperament."

The parade of violinists includes many of the chief ones who have "drawn the hairs of the horse across the bowels of the cat," from Paganini to Fritz Kreisler. Of teachers who have become famous we have sketches of Leschetizky; of Sevcik, the great violin teacher; of Garcia, William Mason, and Jean de Reszke. Later there come several short chapters on musical instruction, advice to students, rules of practice, and health hints.

Last of all (and the volume has the merit of presenting a steady *crescendo* of interest) comes a chapter written in English by Paderewski himself, especially for this volume. It is on a subject that has not been sufficiently written about—the *tempo rubato*—and the views of the leading pianist of the present on such a subject are of importance to every musician of the world. Paderewski complains of the term itself—"stolen time"—which is really not stolen at all. He thinks that the term *mouvement dérobé* would suit the case better, or possibly, in English, "evasive movement." He combats the notion of regarding it as sentimental:

> Our human metronome, the heart, under the influence of emotion, ceases to beat regularly—physiology calls it *arythmia*. Chopin played from his heart. His playing was not national; it was emotional.

He believes the *tempo rubato* to be much older than is generally estimated, and holds that it belongs even to the most ancient classics. He thinks that the *rubato* should not be avoided in Beethoven's works.

"The Decline and Fall of Wagner" was the title of an article in the *North American Review* about a year ago. This decline and fall is still going on merrily at the Metropolitan Opera House, where there have just been four Wagner performances within ten days, before crowded houses—two of "Lohengrin," one each of "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde," whereas Caruso, who was supposed to have killed Wagner, sang last Saturday night to a comparatively small audience. The present interest in the Wagner operas is the more notable because there have been greater casts in the past; but never before have the orchestra, chorus, and scenic outfits been quite equal to those provided by Mr. Dippel for "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," and by Mr. Gatti-Casazza for "Tristan"; and this is the first time since the Metropolitan was built that the management has heartily aided the singers, players, and stage managers in their zealous efforts to realize all of Wagner's intentions. The success of "Tristan" calls for particular mention because it was largely due to an Italian, Mr. Toscanini, who has proved himself worthy of being ranked with Seidl, Mottl, and Mahler. In the matter of Wagner conductors, New York has been singularly fortunate always.

Timely not only because of the nearness of the holidays, but because of the increased interest in Wagner, and particularly in his "Tristan and Isolde," is a sumptuous volume on this opera, just issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is a composite work, including a new translation of the poem by Richard Le Gallienne, a critique by Edward Ziegler, and seven full-page illustrations in color after paintings by George Alfred Williams, which are well executed and romantically rather than operatically conceived. Mr. Le Gallienne proved himself a dauntless hero when he undertook the task of englishing this poem, so unique in its versification, so saturated with feeling, so rich in words pregnant with meaning and suggestion. There are lines, as for instance "Höre ich nur" to the end of the poem, which seem to defy translation, for they are like music itself; yet here they are done into clear, poetic English. For the first time, one who does not know German can get an adequate conception of the glowing beauty of Wagner's poem. Mr. Ziegler's contribution is not merely a critique, as the title page intimates, but also a history of this greatest of all music-dramas, enlivened by many citations from Wagner's own writings, particularly his letters to Frau Wesendonck, the original Isolde—for "Tristan and Isolde" is autobiographic.

Novello & Co. (London) have published the "Proceedings" of the Musical Association, Thirty-fifth Season (1908-09). The papers include a discussion of the music of the Byzantine Liturgy, by R. R. Terry; "Dr. John Blow," by Dr. W. H. Cummings; "Thomas Mace, Musick's Monument," by Dr. Henry Wilson, and a study of the effect of "Orchestral Color" upon design and texture in musical composition, by Dr. H. P. Allen.

Vincent d'Indy's "César Franck" is to be published, in English translation by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, by John Lane Co.

"Izeyl," the new opera by Eugen d'Albert, with a libretto by Rudolph Lothar, has been well received at Hamburg, which is, as the London *Times* observes, "one of the most difficult towns to please in Germany." The story of the opera is an old one, and recalls incidents in the life of Buddha and his great renunciation, even more than certain other passages in the story of "Thaïs." The score is praised by the Hamburg critics for its melodiousness.

Prior to its production at the Opéra two weeks ago, Paris had had no opportunity of hearing the "Rheingold," except at symphonic concerts. For the performance, a thoroughly satisfying mise-en-scène was offered; and use was made of the French translation of the opera by Alfred Ernst.

"Quo Vadis," the opera founded upon the novel of Sienkiewicz by Henri Cain,

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with a score by Jean Nouguès, was produced on the evening of November 26 at the Théâtre de la Gaieté, Paris. It was first produced last February at Nice. The mounting of the piece is both realistic and beautiful, but the music is universally described as banal, and pleasing only in its reminiscences of Massenet and Gounod. The composer of "Quo Vadis" has on the stage of the Opéra Comique a more recent composition, an opera of the Basque country, "Chiquito," which is rather more promising.

Frederick Bechtel died at his home in Brooklyn, November 23, aged eighty-one. For nearly fifty years he was a teacher in the Adelphi Conservatory, and he was the composer of many vocal and instrumental pieces, and of one opera, "Alfred the Great."

The Danish composer, Ludvig Schytte, died the other day in Berlin, where he taught at Stern's Conservatory. Born in 1848 at Aarhuus, Denmark, he was a pupil of Rée and N. W. Gade. His compositions are brilliant and technically interesting, but lacking in deeper originality. His Concerto, op. 28, was played by Rosenthal and others, his "Across the Prairie" (Über die Steppe) by Sofie Poppermenter, etc. He also wrote an opera bouffe, "Der Mameluk," and a song cycle, "The Deserted Woman." His sonata in B flat is widely known in America.

Dexter Smith, formerly a musical critic, died in Boston, November 29, aged seventy-one years. He was the author of several popular songs, and produced, in conjunction with the late Eugene V. Tompkins, at the Boston Theatre, in 1885, the light opera, "Zanita."

Art.

A BRADSHAW FOR ART.

The artistic rating of various European countries and America has been studied by Mr. M. W. Brockwell in the appendix to his excellent book, "The National Gallery: the Lewis Bequest." His figures are based not on total artistic treasures, but upon paintings of the Italian school of sufficient consequence to appear in Mr. Berenson's lists. It is as if one were to rate rival estates merely by their holdings in first mortgage bonds. It affords, however, a sufficiently accurate comparison of the artistic wealth of nations as expressed in painting by the old masters.

England's supremacy in this regard is well understood, but even so it is amazing to learn that in London, including Hampton Court, there are 874 Italian old masters of note, of which 389 are in public galleries. No account is taken of country collections in England. The private galleries of London boast no less than 485 fine Italian pictures, as compared with 455 in the three main galleries of Florence. The private treasures of London alone exceed by 50 per cent. the total of any other capital, saving only Florence.

Paris with 376 pictures, of which about two-thirds are in the Louvre, is a rather bad third. Then follows Berlin with a total of 335, of which 70 are in private possession. Vienna, with 311 in public galleries, and its private hoards unreckoned, presses Berlin hard for fourth place. Between Vienna and Rome there is a gap of nearly a hundred. Dresden and Budapest are neck and neck at 124 and 123, respectively. On a general count of all schools, however, the superiority of Dresden would be clearly manifest. Venice leads both by a trifle. We have ignored Siena and Perugia, which show startling figures high in the hundreds, because their pictures are of the local schools, and happen to have been listed with uncommon thoroughness.

America is naturally low in the rating. We have, with a notable exception or two, been gathering in Italian old masters only for a matter of twenty years. Our respectable total of 255 exceeds the figures for Rome, Dresden, Budapest, St. Petersburg, Turin, Munich, and other famous art centres. But here one must recall that comparison is made between a nation and single cities, and also that in quality our American collections still fall behind those of Europe. The American record, city by city, is a surprising one. Boston, including Cambridge, with 23 in public, 46 in private galleries, a total of 69 pictures, is easily the first city as regards Italian old masters. Philadelphia, with a total of 49, only two of which are in public galleries, is a fair second. The collection of Mr. John G. Johnson is largely responsible for this favorable showing. Whenever the proposed Elkins-Johnson-Widener gift to Philadelphia shall be effected, that city will easily lead the country in older painting. New York, with 26 in public and 15 in private galleries, a total of 41, falls a little behind Philadelphia. If the more recent acquisitions at the Metropolitan Museum had been reckoned in, the standing of the two cities might have been changed, though Philadelphia would retain the qualitative superiority. Oddly enough, New Haven, in virtue of 38 pictures listed from the Jarves collections, occupies fourth place. Since there is little else of artistic note at New Haven, its high rating is fortuitous.

It would be interesting to speculate on the reasons for the low rating of New York in Italian old masters. It is evident that, until the other day, they have been little in favor either with museum officials or amateurs. Possibly the material tinge of our life, our intense preoccupation with money-making and luxurious living, has made us the natural patrons of the realistic art of the Netherlands. In any case, while the experts of Europe are coming over to see a portion of our treasures of Dutch painting gathered temporarily together at the Metropolitan Museum, the connoisseur of Italian art in Europe is very likely to know all about Boston, Philadelphia, and New Haven, but very little about New York. The aggressive purchasing policy of the Metropolitan Museum will in time change all that. It may be hoped, too, that our collectors will gradually broaden their taste to include the only painting that fairly bears comparison with antique art.

Mr. Brockwell's figures show clearly the absurdity of the British panic over the exportation of art treasures. The hoard is so abundant, the superiority of the National Gallery so thoroughly established, that no conceivable hazard of the market is likely to impair England's supremacy as an art-owning nation. Her wealth, on the contrary, is so great that she is in a position to be magnanimous, and all the more that magnanimity implies the receipt of a substantial *quid pro quo*. We fancy Mr. Brockwell's statistics may allay the alarm prevailing in English artistic circles. In any case there seems to be no occasion for restricting export of pictures, after the Italian precedent.

As for ourselves, the most hopeful feature of the ratings is the position of Berlin. In less than a generation she has passed from an inconsiderable condition to fourth place, being overtopped only by London, Florence, and Paris. Of course, our museums and collectors cannot hope to repeat the record of Berlin. Times have changed, prices have risen tenfold, the supply of marketable old masters has been much diminished. Still, good sense, good-will, and a long purse will do wonders even to-day.

Arthur C. Champneys will publish this winter a work on "The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland" (London: Bell). The book is expected to throw light on the sources of Irish architecture and decorative art, and will be generously illustrated.

From Lemcke and Buechner we receive a thin portfolio, "Botticelli," being the fifth section of the Italian division of Ludwig Justi's "Geschichte der Kunst in Drei Tausend Tafeln." There are sixteen plates, halftones, of fair execution. They represent the artist in practically every phase, and we note no substantial omission except the Tornabuoni frescoes in the Louvre. Dr. Justi's text gives for each picture a modicum of historic information with hints that make for æsthetic appreciation. For its popular purpose the work promises well.

A group of nine portraits by Van Dyke, from the Frick and Widener galleries, is shown at Knoedler's, in New York city. Two of the portraits belong to Van Dyke's first Flemish period: that of the painter Franz Snyders, executed when the greater artist was only twenty-one years of age, and that of his wife, who was the sister of Cornelis de Vos, another painter. These belonged, originally, to Philippe l'Egalité, and were separated at the sale of his collection in 1798. They are now both in the possession of Mr. Frick.

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An exhibition of bookplates which will be opened in the Lenox Library Building on December 1 will be devoted mainly to modern American work. A few modern English, French, German, Dutch, and South American plates will be included, as well as a selection of books on the art. Among the foreign plates, a group by C. W. Sherborn, the English artist, who has been called the "father of the modern engraved bookplate," is particularly noteworthy. He engraves on copper, utilizing conventionalized foliage with rich effect. Among the American plates, those by the late Edwin Davis French are the most remarkable in their classic serenity and dignified beauty of decorative line. Sharing the place of honor with them in this exhibit will be the work of the late J. Winfred Spenceley, marked by variety, adaptiveness, freedom in handling, and nobility of expression. The exhibition will remain open for several months.

Through the sale, last season, of Sir John Day's collection, in London, many art treasures have reached this country; among them most of the fine set of etchings by D. Y. Cameron and Axel H. Haig, and two by Muirhead Bone, now on exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries in New York city. It is only comparatively recently that the high excellence of Cameron as an etcher has been appreciated; yet, even in his life-time, some of his etchings have increased more than ten times in value since they were issued. Among them is The Crucifix, Rouen, a big subject described with effective simplicity, and the no less simple Stairs at Rowallan.

A number of American painters have been invited to exhibit in Berlin and Munich during the months of March and April, 1910. The invitation is extended through the Royal Academy of Berlin and the Royal Society of Munich; and the object of this exhibition is to make known in Germany the work of contemporary American artists.

The Archæological Institute of America will meet in Baltimore, December 28-31. Profs. W. N. Bates and John C. Rolfe of the University of Pennsylvania will read papers on "Two Labors of Heracles on a Geometric Fibula" and on "The Connection of Mirrors with Burial" respectively. Prof. Campbell Bonner of Michigan has for his subject "The Standard of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa," and his colleague, Prof. Walter Dennison, "The Artistic Value of the Pompeian Putealia." Princeton is represented by Howard C. Butler, with his paper on "Two Roman Fortresses in the Provinces of Syria and Arabia"; Charles R. Morey ("The Coinage of Bostra"); Thomas Jex Preston ("The Bronze Gates of Canosa"), and Oliver S. Tonks ("Experiment with Mycenæan Glaze"). "Structural Notes on the Erechtheum" are to be discussed by L. D. Caskey of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and B. H. Hill of the American School at Athens. George H. Chase ("A Bronze Cista belonging to James Loeb"), Francis G. Fitzpatrick ("Byzantine Architecture in France"), and Kendall H. Smith ("Unpublished Transcriptions from Corinth") are the Harvard representatives; and Arthur Fairbanks will treat of "A New Marble in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts." Arthur L. Frothingham will read two papers, of which the titles are not yet announced. Other papers are: "Recently Published Measurements Relating to the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Pisa Cathedral," William H. Goodyear; "The Tano Language of New Mexico," John P. Harrington: "Identification of the Persons Represented upon the Attic Grave Reliefs," Harold R. Hastings; "The Excavations of the School of American Archæology in 1909," Edgar L. Hewett; "Esoteric Doctrines of the Eleusinian Mysteries," Thomas Spencer Jerome (to be read by M. L. D'Ooge); "The Side Entrance to the Stage of the Roman Theatre," Charles Knapp; "The Correlation of Maya and Christian Chronology," Sylvanus C. Morley; "The Story of a Grease Spot," William Peterson; "Reconstruction of the Later Toga," C. F. Ross; "Hercules and Samson," Martin L. Rouse; "Architecture on Attic Vases," F. B. Tarbell; "Some Problems in Mediæval Vaulting," Clarence Ward; "Sources of Gothic Sculpture," F. D. Washburn, and a "Note on a Scyphus in Boston," James R. Wheeler. Many of the papers will be illustrated by the stereopticon.

In connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of Italian unity, in 1910, an international art and architectural exhibition will be held. An international competition of more than common interest will be that for the building of a "Modern House." The purpose of this competition is to afford "the best criterions for the building of a modern house, in order to attest, with the originality of the architectural models, the variety of the decoration and the elegance and practical usefulness of the furniture, the progress that has been realized during the last thirty years in this kind of building, and to display the latest productions and needs of civilization in the various nations." Three prizes of 150,000, 100,000, and 50,000 lire will be awarded. There will also be other prizes.

George Hay Brown, landscape gardener of public grounds and buildings in Washington, died at his home in that city November 23. He was born in Edinburgh in 1838, and was himself the son of a landscape gardener. The public grounds of the White House and of the Capitol were laid out under his direction, and he was superintendent of the Washington Botanic Garden.

The sculptor-decorator Alfred Darvant has died at Paris, aged sixty-nine. He was a collaborator with Charles Garnier during many years, and executed the decorations of the foyer and of the exterior of the Grand Opéra, at Paris; the Hôtel de la Monnaie, at Brussels, and the restoration of the amphitheatre at Orange, and of the Porte Saint-Denis, the Panthéon, and the Hôtel des Invalides, at Paris.

Cyprien Godebski, the sculptor, who was born in 1835 at Méry-sur-Cher, France, died at Paris November 26. His works are to be seen at Lemberg, in Galicia; at the Viennese Arsenal; in the Cathedral of Warsaw, etc. He was the sculptor of the monument to Théophile Gautier at the Cimitière du Nord, in Paris; and many of his portrait-busts and other works have been shown at the exhibitions in Paris since 1857. At the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia he received a medal for marbles shown there.

Sigismond V. Myrton-Michalski, the Polish painter, has died at Paris. He was a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, at whose last exhibition he showed two portraits.

Finance.

STANDARD OIL DECISION AND FINANCIAL MARKETS.

In response to the Circuit Court's decision against the Standard Oil Company on Saturday, November 13, such declines occurred, in the closing hour that day, as 2¾ points in Amalgamated Copper, 1⅞ in Steel, 2⅜ in Union Pacific, and 5 in Reading. On Monday there was another break—Amalgamated falling 2⅝, Steel and Union Pacific 2 each, and numerous other stocks a point or more. Recovering partly from the lower level, during the next few days, the stock market on Monday and Tuesday of the present week saw another violent decline, in which the Steel shares fell 3½ points, Amalgamated Copper 3¼, Reading 5¾, and Union Pacific 2½. This further break caused anxious inquiry as to the probable ultimate effect of the decision.

Such a question can be answered only in the light of experience, and our markets have had two experiences in point. One came when the Federal Circuit Court, on Thursday, April 9, 1903, decided the Northern Securities case against the company. Like last Saturday's decision, the decision of 1903 became known shortly before the market's close. It caused some weakness then. Friday and Saturday were holidays. On Monday there was a violent break, running in a day or two to 5 or 6 points in the active stocks. The next week, part of these losses were recovered. But the break began again in May; one began to hear of "rich men's panic"; declines of 15 to 30 points were made before the year was over, and in the autumn, not only the Stock Exchange, but important industries, were in the grasp of severe depression.

The other precedent occurred when the Supreme Court, on Monday, March 14, 1904, sustained the Circuit Court's decision. Wall Street had waited anxiously for weeks; the stock market had almost ceased to move. The news, when it came, was received with dismay; yet prices refused to decline. After a day of absolute inactivity, the market suddenly began to rise. It developed such violent activity that within a month such advices as 9 points in Pennsylvania and Atchison had been scored, 10 in St. Paul, and 16 in Union Pacific, while volume of daily trading, from 74,000 shares on Thursday, March 10, rose to 1,338,000 on the 22d. In the longer sequel, there was a continuous "bull movement" up to the middle of December, with steady improvement in real industrial conditions.

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What was the reason for so oddly different a reception of the news on the two occasions? Wall Street said that Judge Brewer's deciding opinion of 1904 was conservative, and made much of Attorney-General Knox's promise that the government did not intend to "run amuck." But there were also many experienced observers who pointed out that the decision of 1903 came on a market overloaded with "undigested securities," with a surplus bank reserve of only $2,130,000, and a very recent call money rate of 15 per cent.; whereas the decision of 1904 arrived when a six-months' liquidation was complete, unwieldy speculative accounts cleaned up, call money 1½ per cent., and the surplus bank reserve at $27,000,000.

This comparison leads to the question, which of those two periods most resembles the present? So far as the money market is concerned, it cannot be said that the comparison is all that one might wish. Credit facilities have notoriously been much abused in the great Wall Street speculation of the few past months. The New York bank position has been so far strained that a deficit in reserves has been averted only through the most industrious recourse to lending institutions outside of our own market —this at times when their own domestic requirements would naturally have made them reluctant lenders here. By virtue of such expedients, the surplus reserve has been maintained; but a familiar sign of an ill-adjusted New York bank position, the excess of loans over deposits, has presented itself in the rise of such disparity from $2,500,000 on October 30 to $20,400,000 on November 27, as against $84,000,000 excess of deposits over loans a year ago last week, when the actual surplus reserve was only $12,000,000 over to-day's. This, and the cognate fact of a stock market held at high prices for many weeks through very artificial manipulation, goes far to explain the weakness on the Stock Exchange, as contrasted with the rising prices which followed the Northern Securities decision of 1904.

On the other hand, the present situation cannot fairly be paralleled by that which existed in 1903. That was the climax of an orgie of promotion and speculation, which had covered nearly four preceding years, and whose scope and recklessness have rarely been matched. Nothing akin to this has occurred in 1909. "Promoting schemes" have been largely in abeyance. Bad banking, in the sense applied to the exploits of 1901 and 1902, has not been indulged in. More than all else, the financial and industrial revival which has inspired the recent demand on facilities of credit followed a period of thorough-going liquidation and readjustment, so that the start was made from a sound and normal level. These facts, and the further fact of the country's unquestionably great agricultural prosperity—outside certain portions of the cotton belt—give ground for believing that the decline in prices, since the Standard Oil decision of November 13, is in reality merely the readjustment of the Stock Exchange, which was, in some shares, out of line with the real investment situation before the Circuit Court had acted. The fact that sensational declines have thus far been in the main restricted to a few stocks whose prices had been arbitrarily pushed up, while the general market had halted in its rise, points to the reasonableness of this conclusion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, L. The Airship Almanac. Boston: Luce & Co.
Arbor Day. Edited by R. H. Schauffler. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Barnett, E. S. The Dragnet. Huebsch. $1.50.
Bergé, I. The Shepherds' Vision: A Cantata for Christmas. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co
Bernstein, E. Evolutionary Socialism. Trans. by E. C. Harvey. B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.
Birch, U. Anna van Schurman: Artist, Scholar, Saint. Longmans, Green.
Blanchard, A. E. When Mother Was a Little Girl. Pictured by A. Waugh. Dutton. $2.
Brandl, L. Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden. Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Brewster, E. T. Life and Letters of Josiah Dwight Whitney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Brockwell, M. W. The National Gallery: Lewis Bequest. London: Geo. Allen & Sons.
Brodie, R. D. Changing Voices, and Other Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.
Brunner, J. Tracks and Tracking. Outing Pub. Co. $1.25.
Bryce, J. The Hindrances to Good Citizenship. New Haven: Yale Univ. Press.
Burrell, D. J. The Cloister Book. American Tract Society. $1.
Calendar of the Fellowship, A. D. 1910. Chosen and edited by H. M. Kilburn. Boston: Bacon & Brown.
Cameron, A. D. The New North: Being Some Account of a Woman's Journey Through Canada to the Arctic. Appleton.
Carlyle, T. Selections, edited with intro- by E. C. Marsh. Brentano. $1.
Carpenter, E. J. Roger Williams. Grafton Press. $2 net.
Carus, P. The Pleroma: an Essay on the Origin of Christianity. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1.
Cawein, M. New Poems. London: Grant Richards.
Chance, Mrs. B. The Care of the Child. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Clarke, J. H. Vital Economy. A. Wessels. 50 cents.
Compton-Rickett, A. The London Life of Yesterday. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Conant, L. L. Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. American Book Co. $1.20.
Connelly, W. E. Quantrill and the Border Wars. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $3.50.
Cousin, V. La Société Française au XVIIe Siècle Ed. by L. Delbos. Frowde.
Curtis, A. T. Grandpa's Little Girls, and Their Friends. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
Ozaki, Y. T. Warriors of Old Japan and Other Stories. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Davison, R. C. Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture. Munn & Co. $1.50.
De Foe, Daniel. Selections, with introduction. Ed. by J. Masefield. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
De Morgan, W. It Never Can Happen Again. Holt. $1.75.
De Quincey's The Spanish Military Nun, and Revolt of the Tartars. Edited with introduction by V. H. Collins. Frowde. 60 cents.
Fawcett, E. D. The Individual and Reality. Longmans, Green.
Field Museum Pub'n 130, Vol. VII, No. 3, Catalogue of Bronzes, reproduced from originals in the Nat. Museum of Naples; Pub'n 136, Vol. II, No. 7, Contributions to a Flora of the Bahamian Archipelago, by C. F. Millspaugh; Pub'n 137, Vol. I, No. 5, The Birds of the Leeward Islands, Caribbean Sea, by C. B. Cory; Pub'n 138, Vol. X, No. 1, A Peculiar Bear from Alaska, by W. H. Osgood. Chicago.
Frazar, M. D. Practical Guide to Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. I, England and Wales. Vol. II, Ireland and Scotland. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net, each.
Hale, A. Practical Guide to Latin-America: Mexico, Central America, West Indies, South America. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.
Handbook of Flower Pollination. Based upon Hermann Müller's "The Fertilization of Flowers by Insects," by Paul Knuth. Trans. by J. R. A. Davis. Vol. III. Frowde. $8.75.
Handy Man's Workshop and Laboratory Compiled and edited by A. R. Bond. Munn & Co. $2.
Harnwell, A. J. Locks to Pick: a Book of Charades. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.
Hinton, H. My Comrades, or School-Days at Mt. Pleasant: A Story of the Hudson. Reissued. Ossining-on-Hudson: Mt. Pleasant Academy.
Jefferson, W. Verses. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.
John Crerar Library: A List of Books in the Reading Room. Chicago.
Kelly, F. F. Rhoda of the Underground. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.
Korkunov, N. M. General Theory of Law. English trans. by W. G. Hastings. Boston: The Boston Book Co.
Ladd, H. O. The Trend of Scientific Thought Away from Religious Beliefs. Boston: R. G. Badger. 75 cents.
Lanciani, R. Wanderings in the Roman Campagna. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Learned, M. D. Abraham Lincoln: An American Migration. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell.
Massachusetts Historical Society. Index to Second Series of the Proceedings. Vols. I—XX. 1884-1907. Boston.
Meynell, A. Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays. Lane Co.
Morton, N. G. The Silver Lining, and Other Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.
Nygaard, A. Toleration: a Novel. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.
Peabody, F. G. The Approach to the Social Question. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Pisani, P. L'Eglise de Paris et la Révolution. II, 1792-1796. Paris: Picard et Fils.
Post, L. F. Social Service. Wessels. $1 net.
Putnam, G. H. Abraham Lincoln. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Reeve, S. A. Energy: Work, Heat, and Transformations. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, for the year ended June 30, 1909. Vol. I. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Ritchie, J. W. Primer of Sanitation. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Co. 50 cents.
St. Helier, Lady (Mary June). Memories of Fifty Years. Second impression. London: E. Arnold.
Sheavyn, P. The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age. Manchester, England: Sherratt & Hughes.
Smith, A. M. Mother Goose and What Happened Next. Dutton. $1.25.
Smith, C. S. Tarry With Me and Other Verses. Cheltenham Press.
Spargo, J. The Substance of Socialism. B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.
Sudermann, H. The Song of Songs. Trans. by Thos. Seltzer. Huebsch. $1.40 net.
Tatlock, J. S. P. The Harleian Manuscript 7334 and Revision of the Canterbury Tales. London: The Chaucer Society.
"The Baron." The Marquis of Murray Hill. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.25.
The Book of Restoration Verse. Chosen and edited with notes by W. S. Braithwaite. Brentano.
Whitcomb, R. Skimming the Skies. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.
Wilde, O. Poems. Brentano.
Wilkinson, M. The Last Phase of the League in Provence. 1588-1598. Longmans, Green.
Wilson, S. South African Memories. London: E. Arnold.

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